

THE AMERICAN

Legion

OCTOBER, 1946

MAGAZINE



JUST WHAT HITLER WANTED

BY FULTON LEWIS, JR.

HOME ON THE RANGE

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

THAT RAPIDO CROSSING

BY WICK FOWLER

Louis Priscilla

A of a lot more —but still not quite enough for every



\$2.65 PER GAL.

SAME PRODUCT—SAME PRICE

Yes—there is more “Prestone” anti-freeze this year than at any time since 1941—but more people seem to want it too!

● Today, any car that *runs* is a good car, whether it's a '46—or '36. It deserves protection from freeze-up—and the best is “Prestone” anti-freeze. One shot lasts all winter, because it doesn't boil away or foam off. Prevents rust and corrosion too.

There's a lot more “Prestone” anti-freeze this year... more than at any time since

1941. But, with demand exceeding supply, *some* motorists are going to be “left out in the cold.” To avoid freeze-up damage, get your “Prestone” anti-freeze early.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

The words “Eveready” and “Prestone” are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

WHY
there's still a
“Prestone” anti-freeze
shortage:



1 “Prestone” anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our plant-expansion program, which was not authorized during the war. Planned for years, it is well advanced; but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.



2 “Prestone” anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* long before cold weather. Last spring and summer the food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions, and adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements. So your dealer may be selling “Prestone” anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans.

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

“YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!”—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

Life Insurance Companies
and their Agents urge every Veteran:

“Don't drop your Service Life Insurance”



*Ten questions commonly asked about NSLI . . . The Life Insurance Companies
are glad to give you the answers, as furnished by the Veterans Administration*

Why should I keep my National Service Life Insurance?

Because, as a veteran, it enables you and your family to enjoy life insurance protection to the cost of which the public, through our Government, makes a substantial contribution.

Now that I'm out of the service, how should I pay?

Make out your monthly check to “Treasurer of the U. S.,” and mail it to Collections Division (NSLI), Veterans Administration, 346 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y. unless you have been notified by the Veterans Administration to send it to some other address. Mail your check whether or not you have received premium notices. (You can, if you prefer, arrange to pay premiums annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, which you may find a convenience as well as a saving.)

What do I do if I fail to get a premium notice?

Send the amount due to the Collections Division anyway. With your payment, be sure that you include full name, address, insurance certificate number, and all serial numbers assigned you while in service.

I stopped paying when I was discharged. Can I now reinstate my NSLI policy?

You can reinstate your NSLI “term” insurance up to January 1, 1947, by paying two monthly premiums and furnishing satisfactory health evidence. See your local Veterans office and request Form 353a. If there is no office nearby, write the Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

Does it have to be “term” insurance?

As a veteran, you are entitled to convert NSLI “term” insurance into NSLI “permanent” insurance; that is, “ordinary life” . . . “20-payment life” . . . or “30-payment life.” In fact, the law requires that you *must* convert your “term” insurance within 8 years from the date



it went into effect (within 5 years if it was bought after December 31, 1945).

Can my NSLI be converted to private life insurance?

No. It can only be converted to some form of “permanent” National Service Life Insurance.

What will be the cash value of my NSLI?

Once you've converted your “term” insurance to “ordinary life” . . . “20-payment life” . . . or “30-payment life,” your NSLI policy will provide cash value which increases with each premium payment. For example, \$10,000 of NSLI “ordinary life,” bought at age 30 and held for 20 years, will have a cash value of more than \$2,760.

Can I borrow on my NSLI policy?

Not while it is in the form of “term” insurance. But when you have converted it into NSLI “ordinary life,” “20-payment life,” or “30-payment life,” and after the new policy has been in effect for one year, you can borrow up to 94% of the cash value.

What should I do to change my beneficiary?

Write the change you wish made to the Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

Must I keep up entire amount of my wartime NSLI?

If you can't afford as much as before, you can arrange to keep an amount you *can* afford from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in multiples of \$500.

. . .

YOUR LIFE INSURANCE AGENT WANTS TO HELP . . .

If you are a veteran or the relative of a veteran, don't hesitate to call on a life insurance agent for advice and help with National Service Life Insurance problems.

He can answer many of your questions about NSLI. And if he doesn't have the answer, he can tell you who has.

Life insurance agents all over the U. S. have been cooperating with the Government in a nation-wide effort to advise veterans on their NSLI. To prepare themselves for the job, more than 40,000 agents have “gone to school” at NSLI seminars. More than 400 of these have been held under the sponsorship of the National Association of Life Underwriters in cooperation with the Veterans Administration.

The Life Insurance Companies and their Agents again welcome an opportunity to be of public service. Write to Institute of Life Insurance, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

*Life
Insurance Companies
in America*

AND THEIR AGENTS



The qualities of Old Grand-Dad command respect no less than they convey delight. For in this golden sparkle and beckoning bouquet, in this mellow Kentucky flavor, you recognize profound distilling skill and endless care—two elements that are indispensable to the making of a whiskey known the world over as bourbon at its best.

**OLD
GRAND-DAD**

100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corp., New York

THE AMERICAN Legion

VOL. 40

OCTOBER, 1946

MAGAZINE

NO. 10

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1946 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

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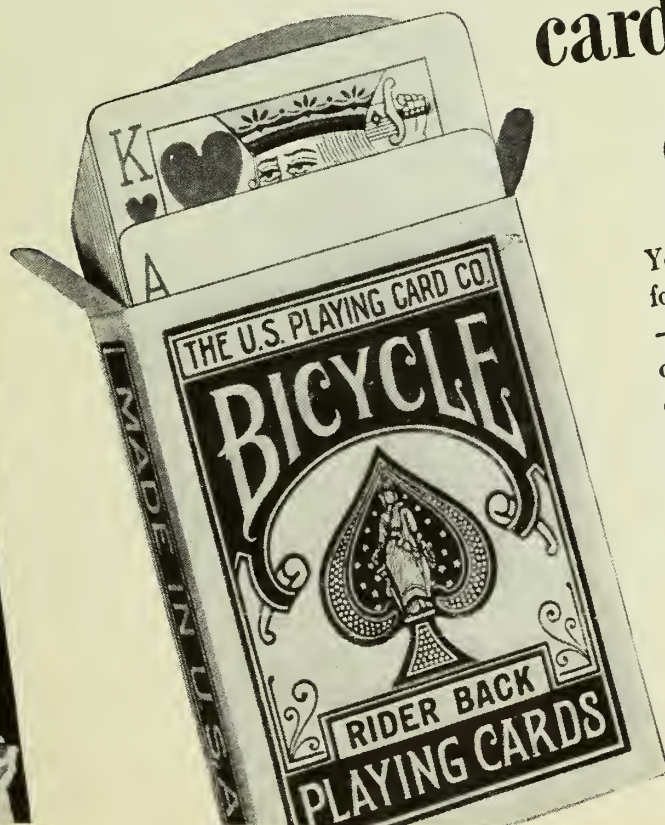
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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



BICYCLE the cardplayer's card



You used Bicycle Cards before you went into uniform—most of the cards purchased by the Government during the war were Bicycle quality—now again you can enjoy Bicycle Cards in civilian life. Everywhere men gather there's a demand for Bicycle—the long-life cards that are life-long favorites.



THE EDITORS' CORNER



LOUIS PRISCILLA, our cover artist, started selling newspapers in Pennsylvania Station when he was ten years old. That in itself isn't especially unusual, but Priscilla developed a unique and sure fire method for getting his sheets sold.

In those days there was always a short item about some murder or other, tucked away in the back pages, so regardless of the other news Priscilla always bellowed "Big Moider" whenever a prospective buyer chanced along. The papers sold like hot cakes.

Super Salesman

Fulton Lewis, jr. (*Just what Hitler Wanted*, page 16) is the Mutual Broadcasting System's ace commentator on national affairs, a hard hitting reporter who specializes in exposing bad situations in the nation's capitol. When he first went on the air for Mutual in 1937 he had difficulty landing a national sponsor, so he originated the idea of cooperative sponsorship for his news program. In this way his program was sponsored by a number of local firms in individual cities instead of by a national concern. The idea proved so successful that many other commentators are now being sponsored in the same way, and at latest count Lewis had more than 200 different sponsors scattered all over the country. Lewis likes it that way. "If I say something a sponsor doesn't like and he decides to drop my program I don't worry," he says. "I'll still have 199 others."

Housing Cost Expert

The real name of Sande Hook, author of *Don't Go Overboard in Buying That House* (Page 32), is—Sande Hook. The figures he marshalls to show that building costs are out of line are based on his experience as a planner and builder of small houses, a business from which he has now retired. He is a veteran of World War I, an am-

putee, and a globe trotter. "I've traveled," he says. "to every spot on this earth where the white man has gone except the North and South Poles."

Saw The Clouds

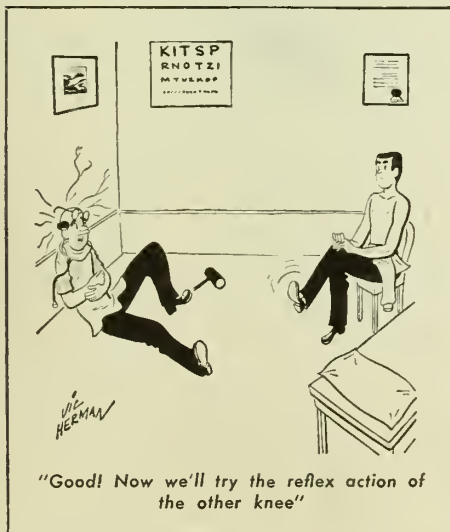
A short note from Wick Fowler (*That Rapido Crossing*, page 14) started off with the information that he served as a Corporal in the 36th Division for ten years, but resigned when he saw the war clouds coming. That bit of incidental intelligence convinced us right at the outset that Fowler was a completely honest man, and without hesitation we accepted the rest of what he had to say.

"My career has been varied and unsettled," he continued. "At one time or another I've been a city detective, a state policeman, a Dies Committee Investigator, a merchant seaman and a loafer."

When the war clouds finally broke over Texas he was working for the *Dallas News*, but left to become a war correspondent. He stayed mostly with his old outfit, the 36th, until it reached Germany, at which time the original complement of Texans was so badly depleted that when the division was attached to the French Army it became known as "That French Division from Texas with Brooklyn replacements." Fowler packed up then and headed for the Pacific, where he spent the last six months of the war. He now has a limp resulting from a run-in with the *Luftwaffe*, and a vivid memory of mistaking his first artillery barrage for a flight of ducks.

Sea Jobs

Most of the information for *Jobs Afloat* (see page 24) was gathered by Paul D. Green during a seven-year stretch as a yeoman and storekeeper on large passenger liners. That was during the depression, and unfortunately he didn't get around to trying his hand at magazine writing until just three years ago. In that brief period of 36 months he has appeared in 35 national magazines with close to 100 articles. D.S.



Does she love him?



P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**—
Boy meets girl. Boy lights pipe. And *up* goes boy's chances of girl going for boy. Women prefer to see their men smoke pipes. Like fine leather and good tweeds, there's something smart and masculine about a pipe. Women love it.

P.A. means **Prince Albert**

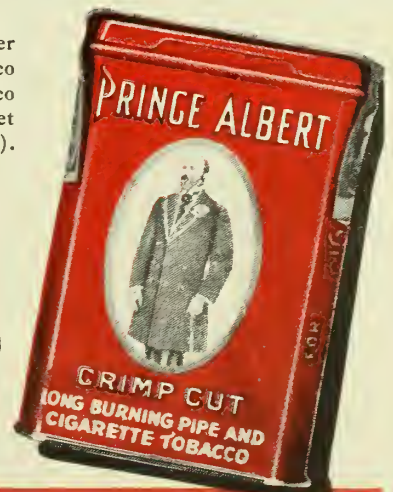
Tongue bite is no fun. Page P. A. if that's ever happened to you. It's the "no bite" treated tobacco . . . gentle to your tongue. Rich, he-man tobacco flavor . . . crimp cut too, for cool, even burning. Get P. A. (Pipe Appeal) with P. A. (Prince Albert).

Great for roll-your-owns. Clings to the paper. No mess, no spilling. Twirls up into a firm, smooth cigarette.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



MY TONGUE'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS. TONGUE-EASY FOR CERTAIN!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

CANADA CAN'T BE HOCKED

Sir: Will you please notify Norman H. Anson, who wrote in your Sound Off! department for June, that England is in no position to offer Canada as security for the U.S. loan to the United Kingdom? On July 1st Canada celebrated 79 years of virtual independence. She is one of the nations of the commonwealth of nations which at one time was the British Empire. These nations are self-governing Dominions, which by no means signifies "colony." Canada's ties with England are out of respect to the mother country and could be broken by Canadian Parliament or by the people. Were England to offer Canada as security, this right would undoubtedly be exercised.

M. B. MONAHAN, JR.

Montreal, Quebec

CRACK DOWN ON WAR MILLIONAIRES

Sir: For more than 25 years The American Legion has insisted that no new millionaires come out of war. The so-called Mead investigating committee has already disclosed that naturalized Americans of questionable background, without capital at the outset of this war, and apparently through collusion with men who wore the uniform of our military, have profited immensely. You will note that the CIO, the Political Action Committee and the communists do not object to these ghoulish acquisitions of wealth. The Legion should have a representative at these investigations and every dollar these speculators have made should be taken from them, their citizenship should be cancelled, and in some cases they should be deported. It's about time someone prodded Congress to start fostering Americanism, providing severe penalties for war profiteers who, incidentally, were not so much the big corporations as the leftists would have the people believe.

FRED W. BENTZ

Buffalo, New York

HELEN WAS WELCOMED

Sir: A number of my friends have inquired concerning my membership in The American Legion. All of them are anxious to become members of the organization that has become the country's foremost veterans' representative. I was the first woman to become an active

member of Keystone Post 449. I have been accorded every privilege due a member in good standing. There has been no discrimination because of my sex. I deem it an honor to serve The American Legion. I am sure the women who served with the armed forces during the war will be glad of this opportunity to continue serving God and country.

HELEN J. GARRISON

Rockingham, Pennsylvania

OFFICER VS. ENLISTED

Sir: The average stay-at-home American has come to think of the army officer as an arrogant, overbearing, Prussianistic so-and-so, who delights in forcing a poor, defenceless private to serve his breakfast in bed, while the downtrodden enlisted men stand in a chow line in the driving rain. Enlisted men, as a class, are being set against officers, as a class, by these bolshevist pencil-pushers who are standing on the sideline yelling "Let's you and him fight." The average officer is a decent sort of person from the average American home, who fulfills his duty and obligations to the best of his ability and applies the Golden Rule in his treatment of enlisted men. The average enlisted man, too, is a good egg from the average American home. He does his job well and cheerfully, he resents being abused but sees it as abuse and not as authoritative class distinction. If let alone, officers and enlisted men will continue to work together in close harmony, but if the rabble-rousing inkslingers continue this campaign our army will rapidly disintegrate.

WILLIAM H. ABINGTON

Captain, Air Corps

Grand Cane, Louisiana

QUESTIONS DIAGNOSIS

Sir: I wish to let off a blast at one Charles Richter (July Sound Off!) who states that a diagnosis of inadequate personality means cowardice. It means nothing of the sort. No greater injustice can be done than to label

these men cowards. The Medical Corps is doing yeoman work in removing the so-called stigma of psychiatric disease. It is too bad that misinformed persons continue to make that task difficult. Inadequate personality is a well recognized form of disability. These men are no cowards. Their disability is as real, and often more crippling, than loss of limb.

JAMES W. LASSITER, M.D.

Norris, Tennessee

WANTS MORE SOUND OFF!

Sir: By way of encouragement, I think that Sound Off! is quite the most interesting department in our magazine. Let's have several pages of it. As a veteran of World War I, I like to know what the young veterans of World War II think and how they feel. Give them plenty of space.

J. A.

Portland, Oregon

FOR BETTER DIPLOMATS

Sir: I'd like to comment on "Let's Speak Up" by Assistant Secretary of State William B. Benton in your April issue. I agree wholeheartedly with the State Department's nine-point program. Such a program would go far in selling America to foreign countries. However, there is one point overlooked by the Department. It has been overlooked for many years. The number one point on the program should be, "A careful study of future diplomats will be made by the State Department before sending them to foreign lands as representatives of the United States Government." I have had some experience with our so-called "diplomats" while I was serving with the Army overseas, and this experience, though not world-wide, has led me to believe that we are really hard up for good diplomatic material. Let us better our position with foreign governments by strengthening our weakest spot—our diplomats.

N. A. J.

Swanton, Vermont



WANTS LEGION CAMPS

Sir: I would like to see camps set up by the Legion for Legionnaires where we could go for real exercise and rest at low cost. I think this idea would go over big with our comrades.

THEODORE R. SHIPP

New York City

MORE ABOUT BOONDOCKS

Sir: Having lived in the Phillippines for 30 years, maybe I can help the editor and James R. McFarland who wrote in your May Sound Off! concerning the words "Bontoc" and "boondocks." Bontoc is the name of a tribe in the mountain province of Northern Luzon and boondocks—spelled bunduk—is a word in Tagalog meaning mountain. When a man hits it for the bunduk he is headed for the mountains, away from restraint of any kind.

LUTHER PARKER

Santa Cruz, California

CARS FOR VETS

Sir: The American Legion could do the ex-serviceman a big favor if some sort of action were taken to get veterans first choice on new automobiles. The majority of us had to sell our cars before entering the service, and without a car to turn in or a ridiculous "under the desk" bonus you just don't get a car. It seems that every draft dodger I know of is driving a car, having retained his pre-war car as a trade-in.

EDWARD HARRINGTON

Chicago

HOME VS. COFFEE AND CAKES

Sir: I have twice applied for a loan under the GI Bill to buy a home. Each time the options have expired before my papers went through, and I am still trying to get a house. While my papers were gone I was told they were hurrying as much as possible, but even though they are in such a hurry they always have time for coffee, cakes, cigarettes and a bull session over the telephone. Then when they do get to you they snap your head off for asking about your loan and tell you they're doing



MODEL 11 SHOTGUN

SPORTSMAN SHOTGUN

MODEL 31 SHOTGUN

MODEL 511 22 RIFLE

MODEL 512 22 RIFLE

MODEL 121 22 RIFLE

MODEL 81 C.F. RIFLE

MODEL 141 C.F. RIFLE

Model 11 five shot autoloading shotgun. 12, 16 and 20 gauges. . . . \$85.45

"Sportsman" three shot autoloading shotgun. 12, 16 and 20 gauges. . . . \$85.45

Model 31 three or five shot pump action repeating shotgun. 12, 16 and 20 gauges. \$70.95

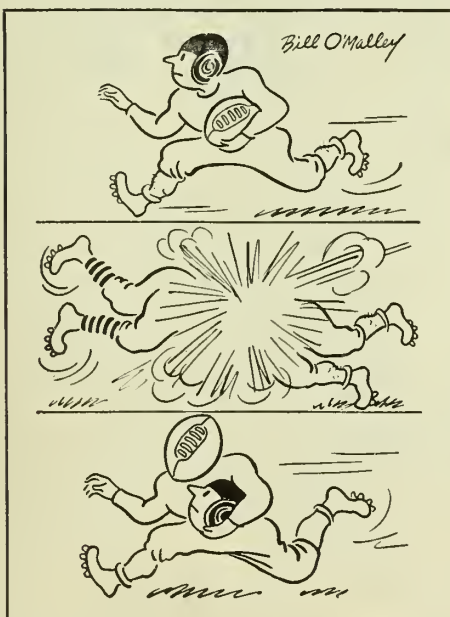
Model 511 "Scoremaster" bolt action box magazine 22 repeating rifle. . \$17.15

Model 512 "Sportmaster" bolt action tubular magazine 22 repeating rifle. . . \$22.85

Model 121 "Fieldmaster" slide action 22 rifle. . \$40.40

Model 81 "Woodsmaster" high power autoloading rifle. . . . \$109.40

Model 141 "Gamemaster" slide action repeating rifle for big game. . . . \$86.90



Before you buy—be sure to see Remington rifles and shotguns.

It will pay you to wait until your local hardware or sporting goods dealer can make delivery. The complete Remington line includes shotguns, 22 caliber rifles, and high power big game rifles. Each gun is backed by 130 years of gunmaking . . . your assurance of dependability,

long service, modern design and high quality. Millions of shooters depend upon the unfailing performance of Remington guns. And . . . when a Remington gun is loaded with powerful Remington ammunition, you have an unbeatable combination that bags more game. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

Remington **DU PONT**

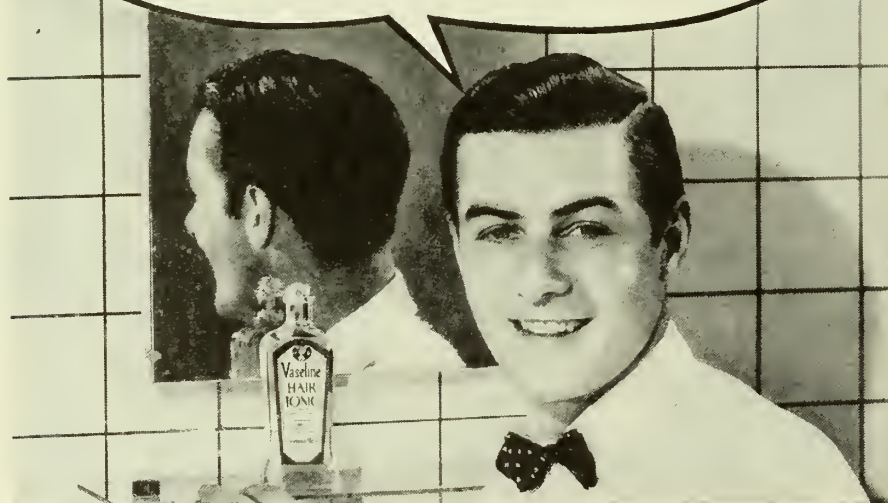
Woodsmaster, Gamemaster, Sportsman, Scoremaster, Sportmaster, and Fieldmaster are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Company, Inc.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... IT BEATS ME how a man can be so smart about music and so dumb about his hair! It looks impossible to comb, and it's simply lifeless! Full of loose dandruff, too. A bad case of Dry Scalp. Why hasn't somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



PERFECT GROOMING!... You can check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, too. Just a few drops a day make your hair look better, your scalp feel better. Loose dandruff is checked, and your hair can be combed with ease. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Excellent also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care... both scalp and hair... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

everything possible. It may not do any good, but I think an investigation should be made in these offices. I don't think I've ever done business with anyone that seemed so unconcerned.

A. L. CHANDLER

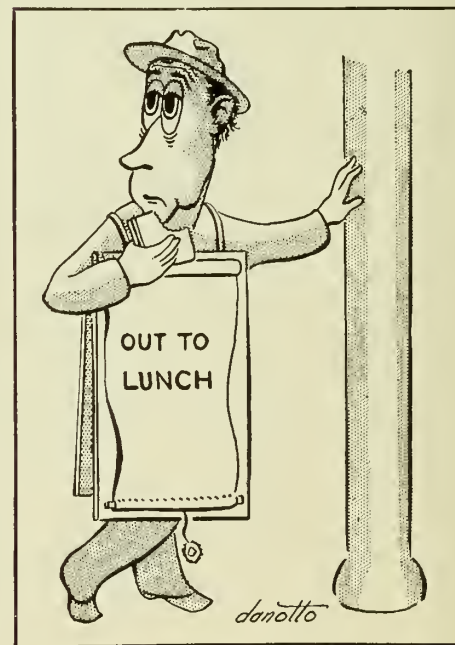
Pineville, Louisiana

FRIGHTENING NEW MEMBERS

Sir: In WW1 I served in the Army. In WW2 I served in the Marines. Neither of these wars worry me as much as my future in the Legion, of which I am happy to be a charter member. My worry is the sartorial influence on the beat-ups of WW1 (and remember I am one of them) on the new members of WW2. I have in mind the Legion caps loaded down with medals, Past Commander, Past VC, Past Adjutant, Past This and That badges dangling over eyes not to mention the ungodly titles sewn on the caps, some of which go around the stern and up the other side. The caps, together with the hardware, are worn pulled down over the ears in order to carry the weight of scrap.

If the Legion hearty wears a regulation blue uniform, then he plasters all the ribbons, medals, badges and sundry advertising over the left top pocket. The sleeves are loaded down with 25's, stars and sometimes stripes denoting overseas service. All this mystifies our new recruits. They don't get it, and are apt to be critical.

I insist that bearers should precede such Legionnaires, carrying cloth covered boards, either on poles or as sandwich men, the boards to be trimmed with all the metal, cloth and other trappings showing the military services of the guy following with the cane. The boards should also carry a blown-up picture of what the veteran looked like when in active service plus a resume of his activities as "1928 House Chairman," "Sub-Chairman of Xmas Card Committee 1931," and so forth. The new guys from WW2 would form a rear guard, organized in squads and platoons and companies, in



"King-sized
brakes"

"The liveliest performer in
the low-priced
field"



"Rest-Ride
springs!"

"That best-dressed look!"



"Extra large trunk...
that's no joke, son!"



Ford's out Front WITH EVERYBODY!

"Wide-angle
vision!"



"Lifeguard body!"



"A roomy, two-tone
interior!"



"Aye,
and thrifty, too!"



There's a *Ford*
in your future

"A wise
buy!"





FOR A TRULY
GLORIOUS SPECTACLE
You're Sure... when you say
"Autumn"

FOR A TRULY
GLORIOUS DRINK
You're Sure... when you say
Seagram's



Say Seagram's and be Sure... of Pre-War Quality

BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

natty and official Legion uniforms, with just plain campaign bars on the left breast, caps at the proper angle, no cigars or cigarettes, no calling to dames on the sidewalk.

Sure, this is all in fun but something to ponder over. Let's modernize Legion public displays and bring them up to date. I know it's tough to take all the stuff off the cap or the coat but each Post should make a serious attempt to discourage the old guard from showing off their prowess of a generation ago. The young fellows make a quick mental comparison and sometimes can't imagine us as boys in uniform. Knowledge that these boys are with us should make us all throw back our shoulders, square away our caps and step out with renewed vigor. It is my opinion that our National Headquarters is up to snuff. It carries on in the best tradition of The American Legion, changing operations to conform with the times. What perturbs me is the individual who frightens our new members. Honestly, these new guys are afraid of the future. They look at all those medals and badges with fearful eyes, for they can't imagine living long enough to reach the estate where they have to carry that awesome load of paraphernalia on head or bosom. Don't let the kids down. Start that campaign against too much on too many.

T. WALKER CLEELAND

Philadelphia

GI BILL AND WWI VETS

Sir: Does the GI Bill provide loans or anything else for World War I veterans? I've been reading a lot about benefits for veterans of this war and wonder if veterans of the other war are eligible.

Z.H.J.

Batesville, Arkansas

The GI Bill applies only to veterans of World War II.



GOING PLACES ?

Switch to - AUTO-LITE



THE ROSE BOWL CLASSIC AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

THOUSANDS of motorists, driving to football stadiums throughout the nation, would like to go in new cars. But for many of us it may be months before that wish comes true.

Until then, help your old car give you smooth, dependable performance. Your present spark plugs may be faulty. If so, replace them with a new set of Auto-Lite spark plugs, specified by leading automotive engineers as original factory equipment for many of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors. "Money cannot buy a better spark plug." See your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer today!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

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AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Money cannot buy a better spark plug

SERVING THREE GREAT GROUPS OF PEOPLE

From statement by Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone
and Telegraph Company, at 1946 Annual Meeting of stockholders

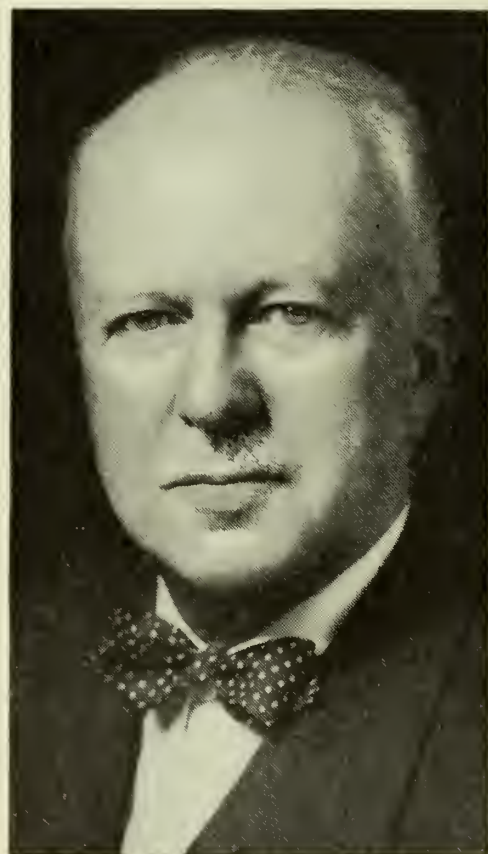
"It is not without significance that our Annual Report opens with the statement that 'The Board of Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company presents herewith the management's accounting of its stewardship for the information of stockholders, employees, telephone users and the entire American people who have entrusted to private enterprise the responsibility for carrying on this essential national service.'

"There is every reason for the management of your company to treat equitably each of the three parties concerned, namely, the telephone users, the employees and the stockholders. For in the long run, the interests of these three great groups of people, individually and collectively, are mutual and interdependent.

"More and better service at the least cost is as much in the interests of stockholders and employees as it is of the telephone users.

"Well-paid employees with steady employment; with opportunities open to all for advancement; and with reasonable protection against contingencies of illness, accident, death and old age are as much to the benefit of telephone users and stockholders as to employees.

"A stable and fair return on the money invested in the business—sufficient to attract the new money needed to develop and expand facilities—is as good for the telephone users and employees as it is for the stockholders."



WALTER S. GIFFORD

Reunion in Norwich

A true and touching
story of a domestic tragedy
unsnarled by a snapshot
from overseas

BY PRISCILLA WAYNE

Probably the amazing denouement of this drama from real life couldn't have happened any place but in the army.

The story had its beginning some twenty-five years ago in Iowa, and its dramatic ending at an air base in England in the late fall of 1944.

The spring was lush that year of 1921 and overbearingly sweet for a pair of youngsters just graduating from high school. Mary Lou and John were seventeen and eighteen then. They were deeply in love but in the eyes of John's aristocratic, widowed mother even their friendship was a great mistake.

Mary Lou was an orphan, working for her board and room on the wrong side of the tracks, and John, with far too much spending money, might even have been a bad boy if it had not been for the serious, gentle influence of the girl he loved. (Continued on page 53)



...took the check and left her mother-in-law's house for good



That Rapido Crossing

BY WICK FOWLER

Low sweeping steel, vomited from German machine guns, sent the 36th (Texas) Division infantrymen scurrying blindly and desperately for shell holes. Overhead, at tent pole height, the rocket shells—those Screaming Meemies—shook the earth and the bodies flattened to it.

In the smoke, fog and darkness there was little need for functioning of senses other than touch and hearing. Screaming German artillery, mortars, heavy and light machine guns, the dreaded “bur-r-r-p” of the machine pistol, all made up the elements of Hell that disastrous night of January 20-21, 1944, and the succeeding forty-eight hours on the west side of the Rapido River. The decimated 141st and 143rd Regiments were undergoing a blood bath in front of the death-spraying Gustav Line.

The plan of attack violated the ABC's of sound military judgment and blame for the fiasco has been laid on the tall frame of personable Lieut. Gen. Mark Wayne Clark, Fifth Army Commander, by survivors of the old Texas National Guard Division. Testifying before Congressional Committees, they

The most controversial American action of World War II as it appeared to a War Correspondent who was with the 36th Division

twice sought to have General Clark removed from the command of troops in the future and to block his promotion to a permanent rank of major general. These attacks likewise failed.

The frontal attack across the swift-flowing Rapido was not the diversion that Major Gen. Fred L. Walker, tactically-smart 36th Commander, maintains was expected of General Clark by General Sir Harold Alexander, British commander of both the American Fifth and the British Eighth Armies. Timed so as to relieve German pressure on Allied forces landing on the beaches at Anzio-Nettuno, the Rapido affair was uncoordinated, contrary to planning, after the British on the South failed to take high ground in a flanking thrust and the 34th Division's demonstration on the North end had failed.

Tactically this would seem to have been the exact moment to call off the execution of the frontal attack by the

36th. But the high command had more than tactics on its mind. By the rules of battle the infantry in this action was expendable, if necessary, to guarantee the success of the Anzio-Nettuno landings farther north. In judging the wisdom of what followed one must concede that it was necessary at that time forcefully to engage the Germans on the Gustav Line.

The two regiments crossed the Rapido twice at a cost of 2,000 men. A third attack to include commitment of the 142nd Regiment from its reserve position was canceled only after General Walker protested heatedly.

Walker had offered the Fifth Army an alternate plan—to demonstrate with diversionary tactics along this stronger section of the Gustav Line that reached along the west bank of the Rapido to Cassino and simultaneously send his troops across a fordable strip in a flanking movement north of the fortified

town, long a stumbling block to the Allies.

"It is always wise to strike the enemy where he is weakest," the fifty-six-year-old General from Columbus, Ohio, reminded.

It was such a flanking trick that the 34th Division used successfully there at a later date, and five months later General Walker applied the same tactics at Velletri to break open the road to Rome.



Where two U. S. infantry regiments waded through water to decimation in the center of the German line after attacks on both flanks failed

Combat patrols that crossed over the Rapido for several nights prior to D-Day, alerted the Germans in skirmishes that removed the possibility of surprise. Methodically, as he always does, the Hun perfected his defenses for the expected attack. Along the low terrain that was intercrossed with hedge-lines and drainage ditches and rose gradually to the west, he strung double belts of barbed wire, cut away trees that obscured his field of interlocking fire, dug in automatic weapons near the river. Farther back the defenses were secured in protecting bunkers.

From the high ground the British attack had failed to capture, the German observers set their sights on river crossing points so that observation would be unnecessary. It was only routine procedure for them to sow mines on both banks of the forty to fifty-foot-wide stream. (Continued on page 39)



The crippled battalions crossed the Rapido and were quickly pinned down by German fire that rapidly increased in thickness



JUST WHAT HITLER WANTED

BY FULTON LEWIS, JR.

A recent argument over one cent almost ended in a strike of 200,000 maritime workers involving millions of dollars. Harry Bridges, bellicose boss of West Coast longshoremen, demanded \$1.38 an hour for his men. Government negotiators were equally adamant in their final offer of \$1.37. Only the last minute intervention and sobering influence of CIO President Philip Murray, who sat in during the negotiations, averted the threatened strike which was called off five minutes before the deadline.

This example of unreasonable stubbornness, which is not confined to labor leaders, poses one of the most pressing and fundamental problems facing the American people today: *are we going to allow disruptive elements to destroy our economy by splitting us into warring factions?*

A certain amount of bumbling, confusion and waste is the concomitant of Democracy. We would not have it otherwise. Reasonable inefficiency is the price we pay for free speech and freedom of personal enterprise. But when confusion leads to industrial paralysis it is time to sit up and take notice.

The reconversion program is more than a year behind schedule. We pulled together for war and almost fell apart for the peace. A year after the end of European hostilities found labor and management at each other's throat, with the sprawling giant of Federal Government standing by virtu-

**Der Fuehrer divided his enemies and
then disposed of them. We in America are breeding the kind
of chaos the arch-Nazi so ardently desired**

ally helpless while disaster stared the country in the face.

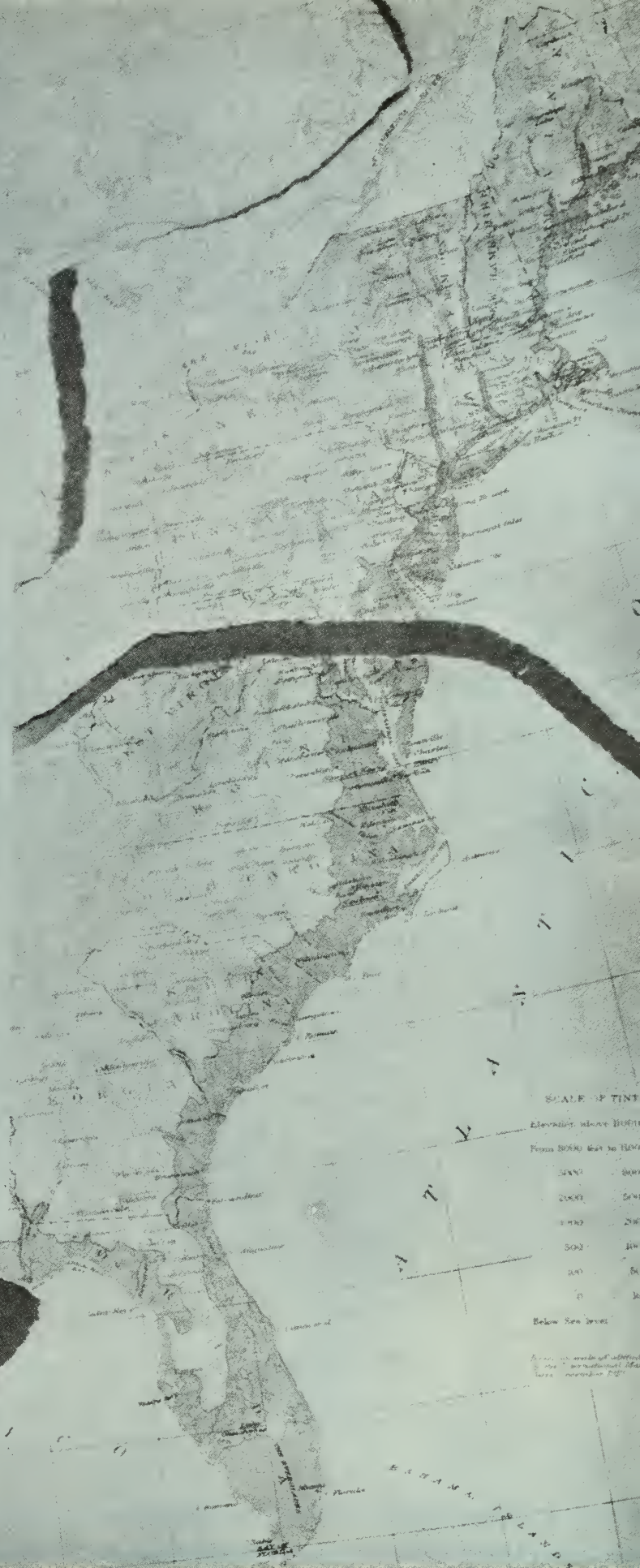
Communists and Fascists are the favorite whipping boys for the numerous strikes, unrest and violent disruptions of the past year. Unfortunately, that is the oversimplification of the complex and subtle influences conspiring to smash our economy.

Communists, while a continuous threat to our liberties, actually could not elect a dog catcher in any given community today. Fascism and Communism are the extremes of social and political theory. They are both founded on dictatorship, and, opposite as they appear on paper, they are as much alike as those better-known extremes, the North and South poles.

The most subtle and dangerous threat to our unity is the underground drive of the so-called "liberal" bloc who masquerade as champions of democracy when, in fact, they want to put all of us in social and economic straitjackets.

Let us clarify this term "liberal." Historically, of course, a liberal was a "free man," who was intellectually independent and could see the other fellow's side of the argument. Later he became known as one who believed in social changes and economic betterment of the masses. More recently the radicals and left-wingers—Browder, Bridges and Marcantonio, to name a few of the extremists—aware of the popularity attached to the "liberal" label, have appropriated it to cloak their maneuvers with respectability and prestige. Under this cloak of liberalism they carry on their strategy of *divide and conquer*. It is as simple as that. It is the American version of the Hitler technique, which almost worked. It is ironical, that these self-styled liberals should be using the Hitler technique; but not so strange when you realize that Fascism, Communism and other forms of radicalism have so much in common.

In an effort to confuse and hence divide the people, these self-styled liberals inject themselves (*continued on page 28*)



FREE EVERYTHING!

A broad economic program was what Molyneux Prantsfir liked, and the more broads the better.

The 4½ International seemed like the answer, but all work and no play makes reactionaries

I was once a radical myself. But no more. It's like the man says, "There are some people you can't fool more than once at a time."

It's on account of magazines that it happened. I read all kinds of magazines. They get them at the Public Library, and it's free to look at them. That's America. Free magazines. Why should I want to tear it down?

As I said, I read magazines. No heavy stuff, and best of all those with pictures. Well, one day I read about some radicals. And such interesting things. Real hot. About wild parties and beautiful revolutionary women who believe in casting off shackles and things.

Such a movement appeals to me.

At heart I am a worker, a member of the lower classes, and I realize that maybe these radicals have the right answer. Really I want to join because of the economic program. Economics, that's my real love. But girls I don't mind either.

I look through the magazines to find if these radicals publish one, so I can find where they are. I figure their magazine will be "downing" everything. So I look. The first one I pick is called "Downbeat." It is all about band leaders and pretty girl singers. For a minute I think maybe music is my true vocation.



BY HANK FELSEN

She comes up and asks, "What are you doing the rest of the night, Comrade?"

Then I pick up a magazine called "Lean—The Magazine That Is Against Everything."

I take it to a table and start reading the first article. Suddenly I sense that someone is standing behind me. In case it is a policeman, I protect my head with my hands. I turn and see a gaunt individual with long black hair. "I see you are reading our magazine," he says. "What do you think of it?"

"Very interesting," I say. I am about to complain because there are no pic-

tures of lovely girls, but I am the kind that hates to criticise.

"You are a worker?" he asks, leaning forward so his hair covers me like a blanket.

I make a part in the hair so I can see him. "Certainly," I reply. "I am a proletarian in every respect, except that I don't work for a living."

"Are you against . . .?"

"Of course," I say.

He sits down and says to me, "Comrade, I belong (Continued on page 43)



Clothes harmony

Smoothest trumpeter in our land is the famous Trumpeter label of Hart Schaffner & Marx. It is your assurance of style, fit and value that are smoothly in step! Next time you choose a suit or coat, look for the Trumpeter . . . and bring a new, refreshing note into your wardrobe.



Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes



"Guess that's what he means by a wonderful arrangement!"

Looking for all-around whiskey agreeableness?

Light body . . . plus magnificent, perfected flavor?

Remember . . . Calvert has blended more fine whiskey in its time
than any other distiller in America.

Hence the tradition

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Calvert

BLENDED WHISKIES

Reserve **OR** *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

If you haven't heard much about professional wrestling since the war, be at ease—it's still with us. The massive clashes of fairy-tale giants, Terrible Turks, Mad Russians and fair-haired heroes with blacksmith muscles are almost unpublicized these days, by mutual action of newspapers and wrestlers. The papers long ago quit considering pro grappling as a sport and treated it as vaudeville, and, though it may be sour grapes, the wrestlers now claim that their sense of humor and primitive dramatic technique makes better box-

office *without* serving as a fountain-head of humorous sallies by newsmen.

As often as not a sportswriter will get the bum's rush if he comes snooping around the locker rooms at the beef-trust arenas. But the "sport" goes merrily on, for the powers of wrestling are fundamentally right. Their standard plot of the good guy taking a beating from the villain until the last grunt, when the hero suddenly emerges on top, still draws them in by the thousands—men, women and kiddies—from Toronto to Tallahassee, every night but Sunday, without benefit of printer's ink.

Wrestlers have agreed that for the health of the sport it would be good to

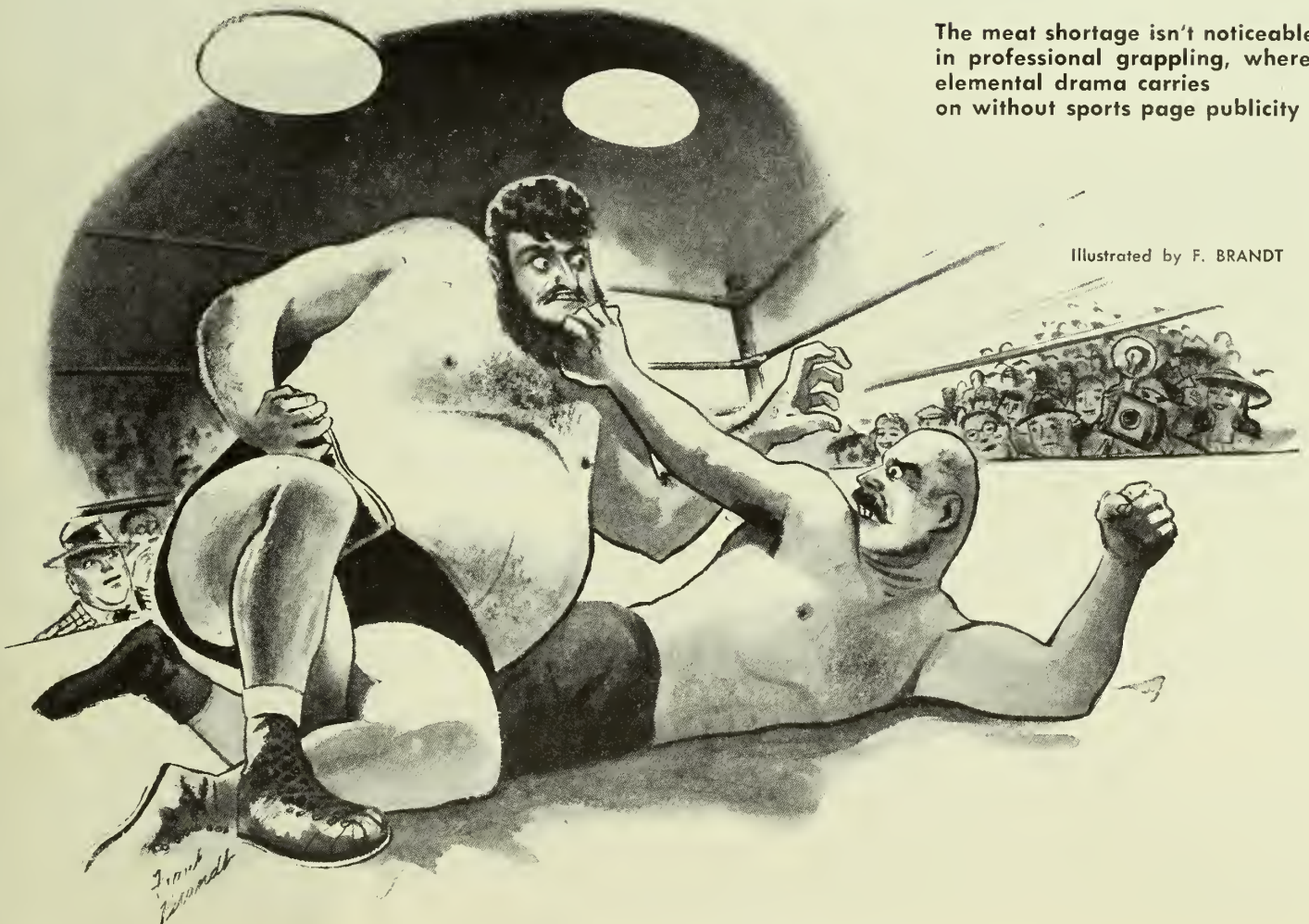
have a unanimous choice for "heavy-weight champion of the world." The man who got the nod was Frank Sexton, who "officially" captured the crown in Baltimore last January.

We went over to Ridgewood Grove, in Brooklyn, not so long ago to witness a series of "matches," culminating in Sexton's "defense" of his "title." It was a rare show right from the start. Just before the bell for the first preliminary the smoky arena rang with the lusty cries of the fans as a mountain, dressed as a man, crawled through the ropes for the opener. This was The Blimp (Martin Levy) at 640 lbs., wearing skin-tight red (*Continued on page 49*)

Wrestling Stumbles On

The meat shortage isn't noticeable in professional grappling, where elemental drama carries on without sports page publicity

Illustrated by F. BRANDT



Even the loser, with his fine opportunities for dramatic expression, has crowd-appeal

Carol was a lovely ornament at a cocktail party, but Bill knew she'd be useless west of the Rockies

Home on the Range

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Bill Ebberts parked his jallopy in the lot by Poole Brothers store and climbed out. He had shaved before coming to town but was dressed in ordinary ranch clothes: faded jeans and hickory shirt and with a battered sombrero shading his lean-jawed, good-natured face.

He stretched his long length and was heading for the store's main entrance when Harry Poole hissed at him from the rear door and motioned him inside, then slid the door closed behind them.

Harry was fat, fifty and a chronic worrier. He'd been a sort of Dutch uncle to Bill since Bill's father had died, just before the war.

"Where you been since Thursday?"

"Fishing," Bill told him. "Haying starts Monday. Why?"

"Joe Staats been phoning. There's a telegram for you at the station. Sh-h—" Harry warned. "It's too late for it now. Come up front. But quiet."

As they moved forward, Dave Malone was leaning against a counter, beaming. Opposite him was a girl in a tweed suit and a hat with a single feather in it.

"She got off the two-ten," Harry said. "She asked for you. Guess she figured you'd be in here."

Bill didn't recognize her back, nor the curly, chestnut hair that lay at the nape of her neck. But it was beautiful curly hair.

Then she turned her head, smiling at

Bancroft. Bill's heart gave a great leap, then settled back—cold, forlorn and bitterly ashamed.

It was Carol Holloway. It couldn't be—but here she was.

He covered up fast. "It's all right, Harry. I know her. You remember I told you about the parties Spike Henley threw for me in Washington, on my way home from overseas? She's one of that crowd. Her father was Sylvester Holloway—which means daughter Carol owns more railroads than I do plow-horses."

"Li'l Miss Gotrocks, eh? Stopping off for a dish of tea with her old pal?"

"Something like that," Bill said.

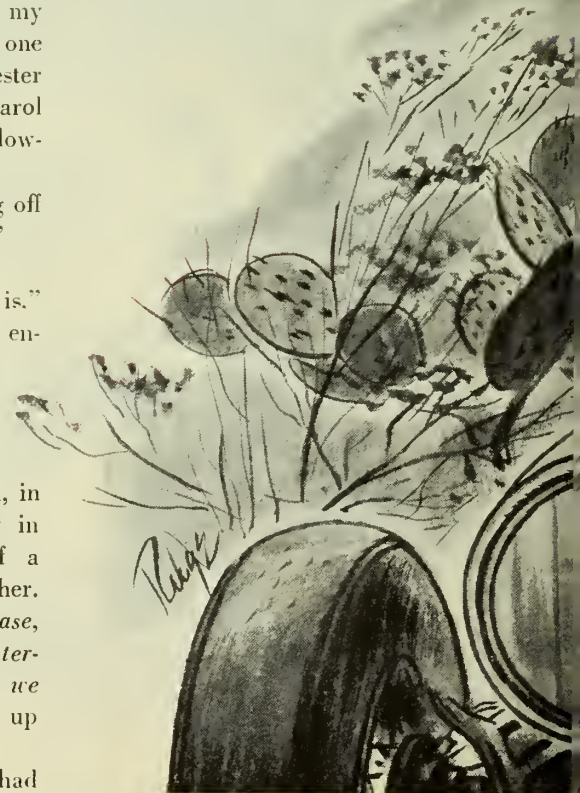
"Just so you know what the score is," Harry said. "I figured you were entitled to a free look first. Take it away, boy; it's all yours." He nudged Bill and waddled off.

This was going to be rough on Bill Ebberts. He'd tried to tell Carol, in Washington, that he didn't belong in her league. Only the accident of a global war had brought them together.

She'd just brushed it off. "*At ease, Lieutenant. Your personal data's interesting—but non-essential. Shall we dance, instead?*" He'd finally given up and let it ride.

Their last dance at the Shoreham had

been bad. He'd known it was the sign-off. She hadn't. He couldn't remember exactly how their bantering double-talk had gone while the orchestra wailed into the home-stretch, his eye on his wrist-watch (*Continued on page 33*)



She had her arms up, tucking in her hair. "Why are we stopping, sir?"





The U.S. Lines' 34,500-ton *America*, completed in 1940 as the largest commercial ship ever built in this country. Will the crew be as American as the name of the ship and company? These floating cities need men to fill jobs of all kinds

The Merchant Marine is trying to man its ships from stem to stern with native-born or naturalized Americans. There are plenty of opportunities now and there will be more within a year

BY PAUL D. GREEN

A year after war's end, the U. S. Merchant Marine is still doing its job carrying food to hunger-stricken countries and returning G. I. brides and the last contingents of troops to home ports. Yet the Merchant Marine finds itself critically short-handed.

There's a crying need for deck and engine officers and able-bodied seamen and oilers. Thousands of war-worn officers and seamen have been lured away from the waterfront by lonely families and good paying jobs in mushrooming

industry, leaving many openings afloat.

The Recruitment and Manning Organization of the U. S. Maritime Commission, charged with keeping ships sailing on schedule, is appealing to Navy and Coast Guard veterans to consider resuming their sea careers in the Merchant Marine. Naval officers at separation centers are cooperating with the present drive by acquainting discharges with the opportunities in the Merchant Marine.

The RMO is wooing former deck officers, bos'n's mates, coxswains, quartermasters, signalmen and seamen from

Navy and Coast Guard decks. Engineering officers, motor machinists, water-tenders and firemen are being welcomed from below decks.

Veterans eligible for the critical vacancies will be enrolled for brief training at one of a half dozen upgrading schools with all costs borne by the government. Those who make the grade may be commissioned as Third Mates or Third Assistant Engineers, or better, with salaries starting at \$235 to \$290 a month, and probably increases by the time this piece is published. Non-commissioned Navy and Coast Guard men

can qualify as officers in the maritime service in this new set-up.

Men who don't have the experience to qualify for officers' berths may find themselves quickly assigned as A. B.'s or Oilers at \$162.50 to \$172.50 a month, with overtime over 48 hours a week at sea.

Navy or Coast Guard officers who never got beyond Ambrose Light out of New York or past the Golden Gate in San Francisco, had better stay home for the time being. To enter upgrading school, there are minimum standards: 18 months actual sea time for officer candidates, nine months for A.B. certificates and two months for Q.M.E.D. (engine) certificates.

Local offices of the U. S. Employment Service will steer vets in the right direction. Ex-servicemen near shipping ports can get quick action from the local RMO, War Shipping Administration or Maritime Commission offices. There are full-fledged enrolling offices of the U. S. Maritime Service at Baltimore, Boston, New York, San Francisco, Seattle and New Orleans, where upgrading schools are located. To handle hinterlanders, enrolling centers are also spotted in Washington, D. C.; Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta and Jacksonville. Anyone out of touch of any of these cities can write to the U. S. Maritime Service, Washington 25, D. C., giving a brief outline of his experience. You'll need a transcript of your sea time which you can get from your branch of service, and a birth certificate.

The gradual restoration of passenger service has already begun. Within a year, most of the regular operators will be on

The collage includes a newspaper clipping with numerous job listings for veterans, such as 'VET. 25, 1 yr. exp. H31 Times', 'VET. 30, single, coll. exp. dem. exp. in light. or news agency', and 'VET. 24, single, seeks on the job in radio, mech. incl. H302 Times'. It also features a photograph of two men in uniform, one holding a document, and a small ad for 'Employment Agents' with the text 'ALL DOMESTICS IN LAZARE'S HIGH W'.

Openings for stewards are numerous

full schedules. This means jobs of all kinds. Men who find their old job dull and unprofitable may find security and excitement in a job afloat.

Mud-slogging GI's and hill-taking Marines have just as much chance to land other sea jobs as their salt-sprayed brethren in the Navy and Coast Guard. Cooks, corpsmen and clerks are particularly adaptable to maritime life. Army or Navy medicos may land good doctor's assignments on passenger liners. Radiomen from B-29's, weather stations and flat-tops have the odds in their favor for snaring maritime wireless jobs. Every ship afloat carries from one to four operators.

The deck and engine departments are the natural outlets for men who are experienced in engineering, electrical work, storekeeping, shipping, trucking, stevedoring or who have operated small craft. The lowest paid hands start at \$150.00 a month, and the jobs call for practically no experience. They may lead to more responsible unlicensed ratings paying up to \$192.00 a month. The unlicensed men's pay may not sound like much to a bachelor—practically clear gravy—with excellent living quarters and food to boot.

Among dim memories are the sweatshop working conditions accepted as the

seaman's lot for centuries. The appalling conditions put into story by Jack London and dramatized by Eugene O'Neill are found today only between the covers of their books.

The 40-hour base week is almost universally standard in port, overtime is plentiful at sea for Sundays and all work over 48 hours a week. Paid vacations are the policy, with most companies, for employees of long standing, with a graduating scale according to length of service. A decade ago the 12-hour day was customary, there were no vacations nor overtime, and there was considerable doubling up of jobs such as a waiter carrying food stores aboard ship (Continued on page 46)



Real seagoing officers are needed



Now is the best time to beat out European cooks for jobs on U. S. ships

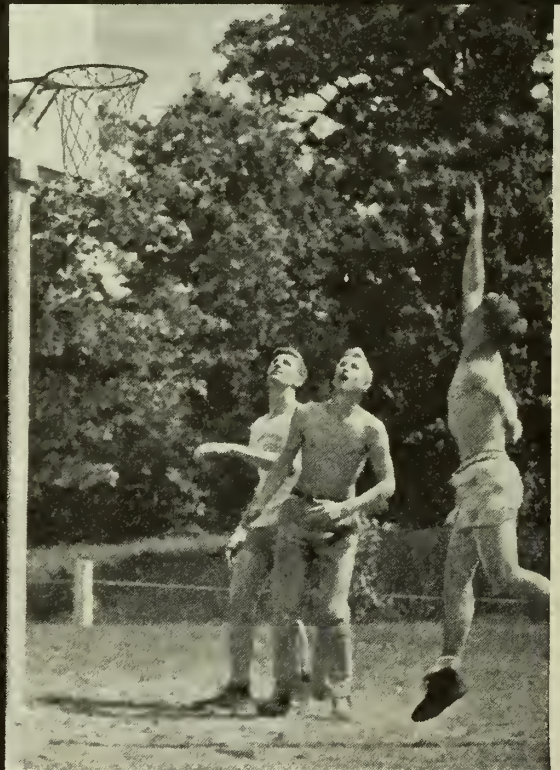


Picking up the technique of fingerprinting

The Ninth Mountaineer Boys' State gave West Virginia youngsters the chance to learn by doing

BY BOYD B. STUTLER

The shade of dour old Stonewall Jackson must have smiled in grim approval when, in early June, 300 high school juniors and seniors gathered at his old home at Jackson's Mill, West Virginia—now a permanent State 4-H Camp—to attend the ninth session of the Mountaineer Boys' State. There the young citizens of this second oldest Legion-sponsored "49th State" dug into the fundamentals of government in the most practical way on the very grounds where young Stonewall planted and reaped, and jockeyed his uncle's horses to victory on a makeshift track.

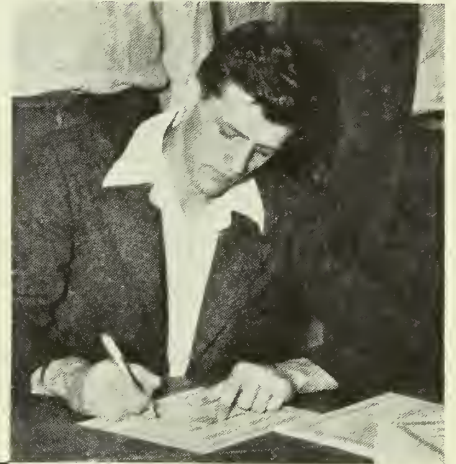


Of course there was time for play. Left, the law class numbered 64, of whom 55 passed the bar exams

YOUTH MOVEMENT, U.S. STYLE

The youngsters came from every section of the Mountain State, two seniors wore decorations won in battle, and for the full week buckled down to the serious business of creating an American state government and making it work in the American way. With political parties—the Nationalists and the Federalists—evenly balanced, party spirit ran high. Every official position from governor down to local offices in the eleven simulated synthetic counties was filled only after heated political cam-

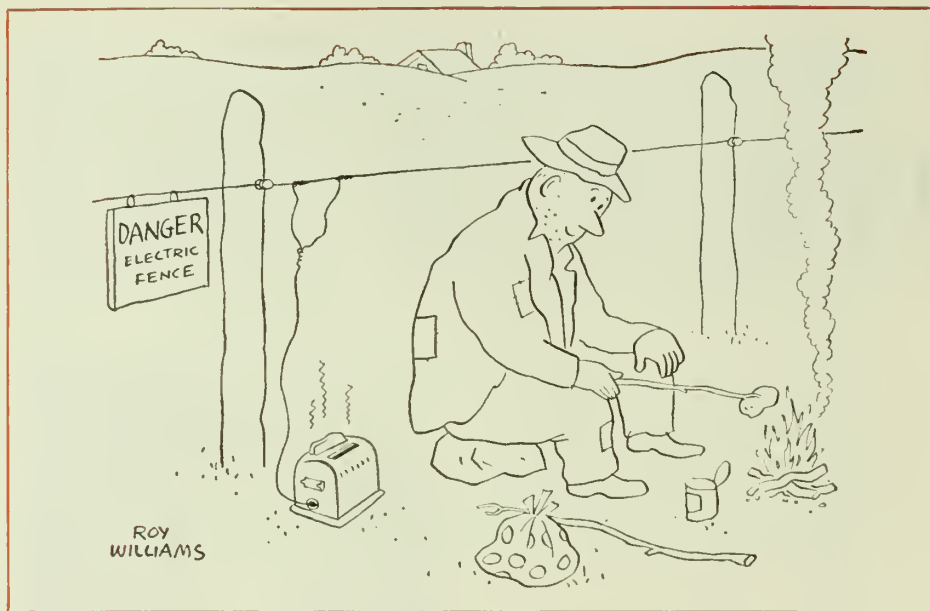
paigns—and the winners had to know their stuff. A corps of counselors, each an expert in his field—some filling the highest positions in the West Virginia State government—directed the operation of the executive, legislative and judicial branches. Here, as in nearly forty other Legion Departments, the citizens worked out their problems in a practical laboratory of objective citizenship. Physical fitness was not neglected; recreation hours were spent in outdoor competitive sports.



Governor David Daugherty



After a hot campaign boy citizens gather at the polls to elect their officers



JUST WHAT HITLER WANTED (Continued from page 17)

into every major issue of the day. For example, they played an important part in attempting to save OPA. Regardless of the merits of OPA, some of their methods were dishonest and typical of their operations.

When the OPA bill was sent to a conference of House and Senate members, a news story mysteriously appeared on the wire services to the effect that former President Hoover was rushing up to Washington from South America to "save the measure." I talked with Mr. Hoover on his arrival in Washington. He told me that he had not even read the bill and that he had no intention of meddling in the affairs of Congress. This contemptible trick is only one of scores of misrepresentations peddled during debate on this controversial issue. They did a masterful job of confusing the people and beclouding the real issue in the debate.

These so-called liberals are never stuck for an issue designed to split the people. If they can't find issues they make them. The reason of course is their desire to make us a nation of economic weaklings so they can dish out the vitamins. These pills are sugar-coated poison which in time would destroy the American capitalistic system.

Here, picked at random, are three issues created by the neo-liberals which on the surface seem reasonable but which, when examined, are utter nonsense:

(1) The dishonest philosophy that workers' wages, henceforth, should be negotiated on the company's ability to pay. (This, clearly, penalizes the efficient company competing with an inefficient company. If followed through, it would mean the collapse of the American industrial system.)

(2) The fantastic theory that the Federal Government can create jobs through passage of a full employment law. (Since

Government never created anything, it could scarcely be expected to create jobs.)

(3) The philosophy that the American profit system should be discarded in favor of state ownership. (Every sane American knows that the personal profit motive has made this country what it is. Even the Russians are beginning to realize the personal incentive motive.)

Our crackpot "liberals" have done a very thorough job of selling Americans on the idea that it is possible to get some-

thing for nothing, just as Hitler sold his dupes on the notion that they were a master-race entitled to unlimited *lebensraum*. The results of this strange but enticing philosophy must make Der Fuehrer chuckle, even in his present heated whereabouts. Despite the fact that no genius has yet found a substitute for work, the social planners have carefully promoted the theory that Government creates jobs and will protect all of us in a crisis. Believers in this "gimme" philosophy—and there are many—naturally feel that we should have more and more government. The self-styled liberals forget to tell the people that *more* government means fewer rights for the individual, less of the good things to share among us all. Hitler also neglected to make this point when he set up his Reich.

This idea of getting something for nothing is one reason for our industrial discord, and it will take years to blot out the phony concept that there is a basic conflict between the interests of labor and management.

Actually, there are scores of examples where unions and management work together for mutual profit. One is the dress-makers' union in New York City, headed by a sensible leader named Julius Hochman. Mr. Hochman takes the civilized position that industry's welfare is labor's welfare, and the union works in harmony with management. It serves as the dress-maker's trade association and spends its own funds in research and promotion of new markets for dresses. Employers profit



IN ALL of Nevada's 110,540 square miles there live only 110,247. Towns are many miles apart, with great stretches of desert in between. Because of this, Nevada motorists are the most obliging in the world in giving hitch-hikers a lift.

Because so many inexperienced prospectors have been lost in the desert and

so many hikers have died of thirst, the Nevada Legislature passed a law making it compulsory for every train passing through the State to stop if signaled by someone along the track. Even expresses must stop if so signaled. They must furnish water if required or, in deserving cases, a lift.—By Emile C. Schurmacher

from these activities and the union gets its share through collective bargaining agreements.

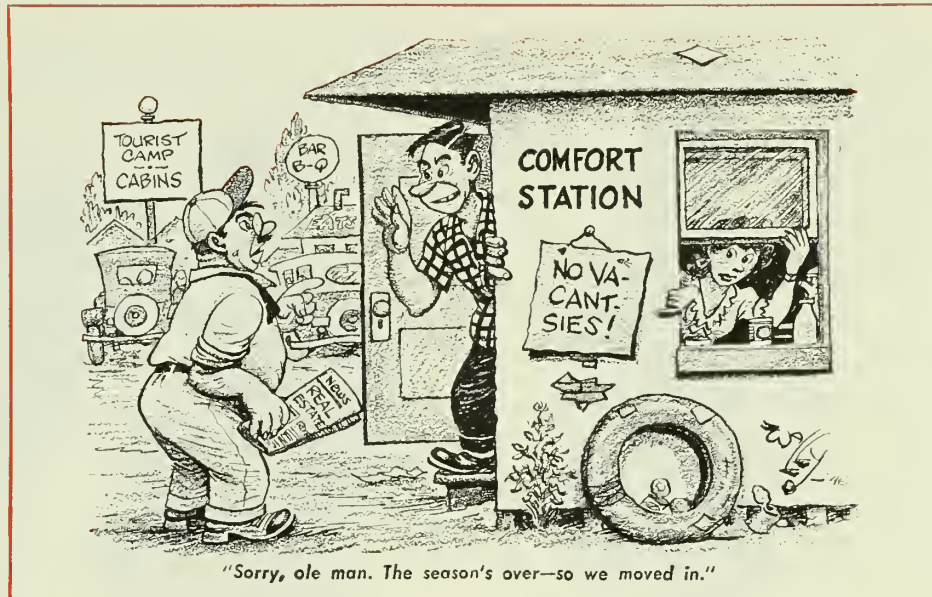
But the "liberals" do not want industrial peace of the sort. They thrive on conflict and disunity. Social unrest and bickerings between labor and management give them an entering wedge for a sales talk on State Socialism. Their theme is: *The present system does not work. Why not try a socialized form of government?*

We have only ourselves to blame for much of this disunity. American businessmen, the world's best in volume low-cost production, are the world's worst practitioners in the field of the social sciences and politics. Some shut their eyes to the threat of government-in-everything; others are afraid to talk up. Yes, there are some big-time executives who fear the reprisals of petty government clerks.

Many union members do not know the names of their international officers, and some do not know the name of the secretary of their own local. The busy "liberals" in union groups know. They've made it their business to learn all the ropes, in order to keep unions subservient to their ideologies.

Unless we do something about this general indifference—unless we cease being smug and taking liberties for granted—I feel that we are riding for a terrific fall in the years to come. And even though it comes too late to do Adolf any good, it is an end he ardently hoped for.

Indeed, we are driving toward this end in a way that would have done Hitler's heart good. Pitted against each other, and egged on by our vociferous trouble-makers, are management and labor. Both have



grown to the point where the only power that can control them is *big* government. That, however, is fine with the "liberals." Let's have such government control, they say. To them, it achieves their aim of State Socialism. Hitler, however, had another name for it.

Sometimes it's hard to figure out the double-talk of these so-called liberals. Confused themselves, and going in many different directions, they keep the country in a state of confusion. Yet, despite this, they zealously try to sell democracy all around the world. Is it any wonder that, thanks to them, there are many in other countries who feel that Communism or Fascism is better than a system that allows an almost complete collapse of production

in a land of plenty? What kind of service are these people performing for this country today, when so many other countries, looking to the United States for hope, find it torn by internal chaos?

I have put most of the blame for our present troubles on these self-styled liberals. Most of it belongs there. But few of us are blameless. In various ways, most of us are contributing to conditions that are just what Hitler wanted. How? By putting our own selfish interests above the good of the country. We all realize that a strong military establishment was essential to keep the peace in Europe and Asia. Yet after V-J Day there was an immediate outcry demanding that the boys be brought home. We know a strong Army and Navy are essential in these uncertain times, yet there are many Americans who are fighting the draft because it will affect them personally. We all deplore the black market, but there have been a great many who made it flourish by their willingness to pay any price for what they wanted, regardless.

And there is a growth of intolerance in this country that follows exactly the pattern laid down by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*.

The most powerful antidote for the poisonous situations infecting us is that the great majority of Americans want unity. With that unity we must have honesty and decency and integrity in Government. We need courageous leadership of business and labor and farm groups. It is time to stop pussyfooting with the liberals, the divisionists, radicals or whatever you want to call them. An informed public opinion converging on the Congress of the United States (which is constantly under fire by the "liberals") would bring us back on the road leading to internal peace, harmony and prosperity.

The American people have won every war they ever fought. Certainly they are not going to lose this battle against internal enemies.



"All right, Nurse—break it to me gently"



IF YOU GO FOR PHEASANTS

Time was when South Dakota enjoyed a reputation in the rest of the United States as a "wasteland," the home of the Bad Lands, the Black Hills, the Homestake Mine, Mt. Rushmore, perennial drought, grasshoppers and nothing else. But the amazing multiplication of the transplanted Chinese pheasant throughout the state has changed the popular conception of the lower Dakota

BY JACK BAILEY

from that of a dust bowl to a "lush hunting ground." Today it is a magnet drawing 95,000 out-of-state nimrods a year, who take about 40 pheasants apiece and leave nearly 10 million dollars behind.

Back in 1915, bird experts figured that

South Dakota's cover offered the nearest thing in this country to the gaudily plumed Chinese pheasant's native Oriental habitat. At that time the State Fish and Game Commission planted 4000 birds in the valley of the James, longest unnavigable river in the world. The pheasants have been mightily prolific these 31 years, so much so that today the farmers are up in arms, cry-

A group of hunters in South Dakota check the day's catch. Season limit is 40 birds, and freeze lockers do a booming business



**South Dakota, once
the Bad Lands State, is knee deep
in pheasants and hunters**

carn, are willing to let the grain go, if they can get a share of the annual take for themselves. Farmers in the James valley have organized the South Dakota Farmers and Pheasants Protective Association, which seeks to pledge 20,000 farmers to post their land and charge out-of-staters \$10 extra to hunt posted premises. They don't want to destroy hunting, they say, but they want to control it so they too can share in South Dakota's fall pheasant-harvest, and get remuneration for the great grain stocks the birds eat.

Aside from the grain-growers everyone is happy. The birds can't mind too much. Even though 7½ million were bagged in 1945, 20 million descendants of the original 4,000 pheasants survived. Almost every one of the 97,900 out-of-state hunters who drove, flew and even taxied from every State in the union, got his bag limit of 40 birds. Hotel owners, barkeepers, roominghouse proprietors and freeze-locker operators kept about \$100 of each visitor's budget, and the State collected \$20 for each non-resident hunting license. The state Legislature has been so grateful that in 1943 it solemnly resolved that the Chinese pheasant be designated the State Bird of South Dakota. Today Dakotans look ahead to more hunters, more ammunition, and foresee no end to the boom. It is estimated that the State could stand 170,000 hunters and still

have enough birds left over for seed. Using a little deft arithmetic and common sense, one can estimate that that figure could be doubled by cutting the bag-limit to 20 birds each. The only problem then would be how to move the nimrods around without stepping on one another's toes.

Dakotans, thanks to the pheasants, are beginning to enjoy some of the familiarity

with celebrities formerly reserved for denizens of New York and Hollywood night spots. Clark Gable never commanded in Hollywood the volume of attention he received while gaming in South Dakota a few years ago. Lauritz Melchior, the Great Dane of opera, movies and radio, striding good-naturedly about the streets of Aberdeen, Pierre and other cities, and calling familiar greetings to

Al or Bill, doesn't do anything to harm the ego of Al or Bill. Major league baseball players by the dozen have perpetual reservations for post-World Series rendezvous in South Dakota, and, to make the occasion a memorable one for their hosts they stage an all-star exhibition game in Huron every fall. Thus it is that the early weeks of the four-month (five in some counties) hunting season have gradually taken on the gala atmosphere of the New Orleans Mardi Gras or Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben (spell it backward).

Although the pheasant is now found in every one of the 69 counties of the state, the James valley area, radiating about such towns as Mitchell, Huron, Redfield, Aberdeen and lesser places, still boasts the heaviest bird population. Other notable centers are Winner, Lake Andes, Sisseton and Reliance.

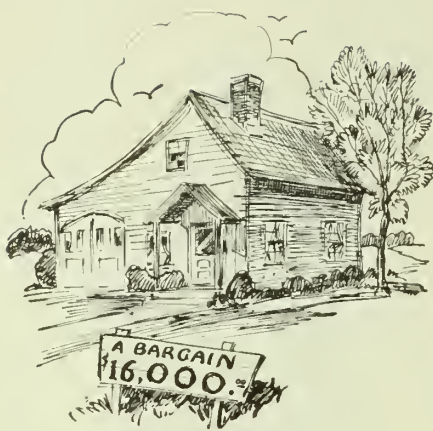
Besides the profits from hunting reaped by the enterprises which cater to the needs of foot-loose and free-spending sportsmen, there's another appealing feature to South Dakotans in this institution which has become known as "the hunt." This is the social angle which embraces the gregarious yearnings of human kind.

When all this business began many Dakota families took pheasant-seekers into their homes as a sort of emergency housing measure, hotels not being able to handle the load. The emergency turned out to be permanent. Hotels in the state simply aren't geared to do an Atlantic City business. Now, on the basis of mutual likes and understandings, more and more Dakota families welcome regular customers back each year for reunions enlivened with a tradition of pleasant memories and anecdote. Naturally, tall-sounding, but not-really-so-tall-for-South-Dakota, pheasant hunting stories are the order of the day.

Typical anecdote is that of Dakotan Joe Brown, whose guest from Oklahoma developed a terrific opinion of himself because he had taken 26 pheasants on the wing without a miss. Deciding it was time to deflate his friend, Joe withdrew the shot pellets from the boasting one's shell supply and substituted miniature balloons. Next day the Oklahoman frazzled his temper and marred his record shooting balloons at pheasants.

ing. "Get the state out of the poultry business!"

They have a legitimate-sounding gripe, for today 20 million Chinese pheasants are eating South Dakota grain in the fields and attracting \$8½ million of outside cash and \$1½ million of local cash each hunting season. The farmers, who get neither the grain the birds eat nor the \$10 million the birds



DON'T GO OVERBOARD in buying that house

BY SANDE HOOK

There is a huge amount of propaganda being blown, thrown and shoveled around about veterans' housing. Some of it is sincere—much of it is not. Let's bear in mind that the veteran is the "hot potato" right now for every crackpot and every slippery politician to pitch around. The veteran does not want all their goopy, gushy, washy stuff and he most certainly does not need it. What he needs and wants is sound, sincere counsel and aid.

The veteran does not want and certainly should not be pressured into buying a house that will become a heavy financial burden in a very few years. You had better think much and long about these salient facts: By borrowing money to build now, you are contracting a debt under very adverse conditions. You are contracting to pay a certain number of dollars that are now worth only 50 cents, with dollars that will be worth 100 cents.

A good house, one that will still be reasonably substantial at the end of a 25, 30, or 40 year amortization, costs about \$9 a square foot of floor space to build now. I am talking about the average 5 and 6 room house. That \$9 price will possibly allow for insulated walls and ceilings, hardwood floors, central heating and cooling, modern lighting and venetian blinds, modern kitchen with power ventilation, tiled bath, with separate tub and shower, and a half-bath—metal shower unit, lavatory and commode—on the back porch or off the kitchen. I don't think that you want to settle for less in your permanent home and you should not. By waiting you can have these things at the same cost or less than you will pay for a cheap house without them now.

You can't squeeze 6 rooms into much less than 1240 square feet. That adds up

to \$11,160. Your garage, whether under the same roof with your house or detached, will cost \$2.50 a square foot and the basement for housing the heating, cooling and hot water units, will cost the same. On top of all that you must add the price of the lot and lawn and what landscaping you want—if any—and the very large sum of furnishing the house.

I have built a good many houses and noted the furnishing of them. I don't believe I will be much out of line when I say that the 6-room house I have been talking about, with an all-electric kitchen and modern home laundry, furnished the way it should be, will cost \$16,000 complete. The same house could be had for \$8500, not to exceed \$9000, in 1939, '40, '41. I suspect that it will be some little time before you can again have one for \$9000, but \$16,000 for such a house is entirely too much. The economy of this country just won't stand such exorbitant prices! Somebody is going to get hurt, and badly, and the veteran should not be the one.

The lumber that goes into your house now, and for the next year, is green and will shrink. When it shrinks, the plaster, stucco and brick veneer will crack. There is nothing you can do about it. There is no seasoned lumber nor has industry had the time and materials to develop and put on the market the wonderful discoveries in building materials and facilities that were made during the war—light metals, plastics, glass, lighting, heating, cooling, plumbing, fixtures and home appliances. Also, the labor situation is not satisfactory for constructing good houses.

I firmly believe that if you can possibly wait a year to start your house, industry will have had time to catch up with demand and conditions will be such that this \$16,000 house can be had for \$11,000. I don't mean by that to advocate reduced wages, though there are some

wages and salaries and earnings that are completely out of line with sound economy. Like the \$16,000 house, these too will be adjusted in the inevitable course of events.

No human being has been able to outsmart and control supply and demand. The only sure way to avoid a cycle of "BOOM and BUST" is for everyone to buy only absolute necessities, until supply catches up with demand. As long as a great many people have more money than there are goods, there is grave danger.

There are millions of people in this country who made more money during World War II than they ever dreamed of, and they don't know what to do with it. A 1941 Cadillac that cost \$1985 new and has gone 60,000 miles brings \$4500. A fur coat is bought for \$1250 by a woman who had never made more than \$12 a week before the war but who made \$85 a week as a welder in a shipyard. A 6-room house which cost \$6000 new, 12 years ago sells for \$18,000. Those are the things that wreck financial structures and economies.

If you have \$16,000 to pay cash for your house, go ahead. Otherwise your income must justify it. Sound economy will only allow 25 percent of your income for shelter. To justify a \$16,000 house you must be a \$6500 a year man. The maintenance of a home—interest on the investment, taxes, repairs and replacements—costs 10 percent of the original investment for the first 20 years. If you have to borrow a big portion of the original investment, you must add to the payments of the principal of the borrowed money the 10 percent maintenance and interest cost. You are the one who will have to pay for the house.

Don't get the idea that Uncle Sam is going to come along and help you out of a tight spot every time. Uncle Sam has helped many (Continued on page 45)

(Continued from page 22)

Here she was, nevertheless. She could afford to indulge her whims. But she'd soon find there was nothing for her here: just plain Bill Ebberts, in jeans and with plow-calloused hands: a hard-working rancher in a wind-swept, hard-boiled, lonely land.

Bill's ears burned under her scrutiny. She'd probably relive this moment, many times. "Remember that glamorous Bill Ebberts, at the Shoreham? That paratrooper hero, the friend of Spike Henley's? You should have seen him out in his own terrible, desolate country! My dear—he was wearing *overall*s. . . ."

"We'll get it now," he told her. "I was up in the mountains, fishing. Sorry." He waved her toward the door. "How are you, Carol? How's that moron, Spike?"

"Sure," he said. "We'll read it."

YOO HOO, LIEUTENANT! I'M THE GAL AT THE SHOREHAM REMEMBER? AM CALLING YOUR BLUFF AND WILL ARRIVE 2:10 P.M. SATURDAY. DON'T DISTURB YOUR PLANS FOR THE WEEK-END. JUST SEND IN ONE OF YOUR HANDSOME WRANGLERS TO MEET ME. BUT BE GLAD TO SEE ME OR I'LL BE BROKEN-HEARTED.

CAROL

The tone of the wire was the tempo of



"Anybody here Charleston?"

October, 1946

33

“THANKS, JIM... *I’d rather walk!*”



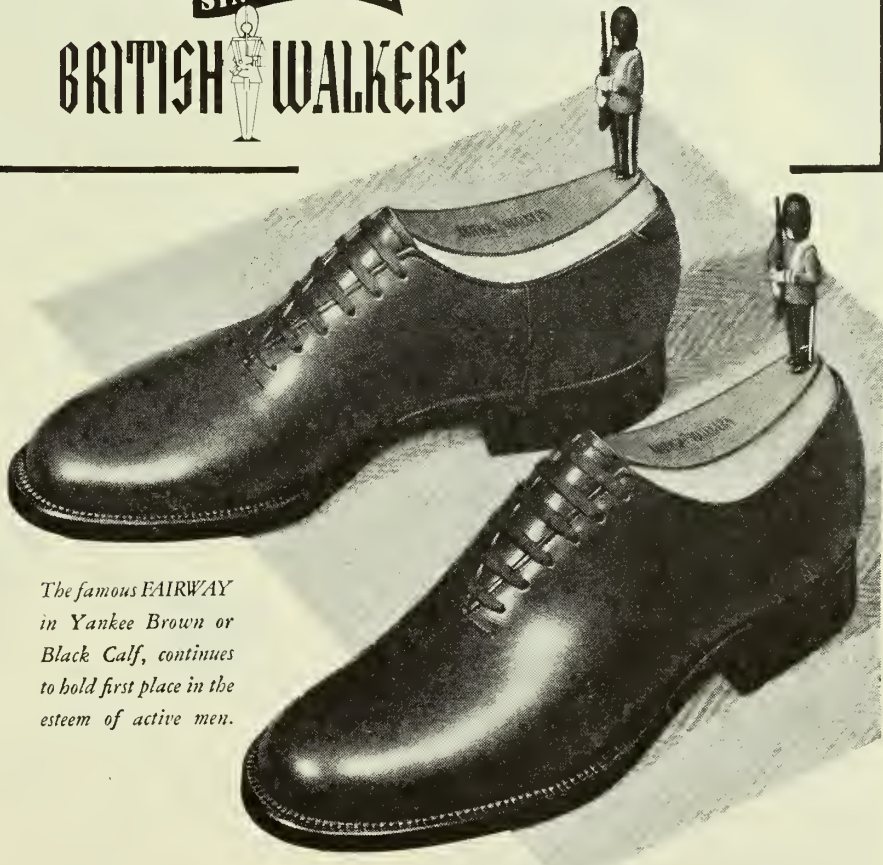
It took an utterly new way of making shoes to give walking such easy, natural action! Shoes so flexible, they "give" as easily as a rubber band, with every step—yet staunch and supporting as a western saddle. It's their exclusive, patented *Synchro-Flex* construction—combining ease and style and fit you never had before.

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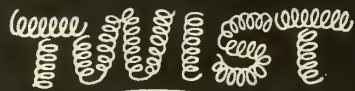
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her life. She had plenty of time. She could afford whims that brought her yoo-hooing across the continent. Even on this dusty village street she was armored against reality.

"Hm-m," he said. "What bluff are you calling, Carol?"

She seemed definitely startled. "I've often wondered," she said, "what it meant to sweep a man off his feet. Don't you remember our last dance at the Shoreham, Bill?"

"Look, Carol," he said. "You're two thousand million miles west of the Shoreham now. This is a big, busy, dusty country—"

"I know," she said. "It frightens me a little. But you don't remember?"

"Of course. I was telling you how ornamental you were—and how useless you'd be west of the Rockies."

"And I told you," she said, "that I was a good cook. 'Fine,' you said. 'I could use a good cook. Come out around haying time.' It's around haying time now, isn't it?"

Bill said nothing, too coldly angry to think of a fitting wisecrack. He was annoyed at Carol. To seek diversion was one thing. That she could pursue that quest into the one lonely household where, above all—

"Never mind, Bill," she said. "It was just a silly impulse. Forget it, please." She got out her compact, examined her nose critically and then powdered it. "I was just on my way through to the Coast. I think I'll go back to Chicago, though. There's an eastbound train later today, isn't there?"

Bill nodded. "The flyer. At around six." He looked at his wrist-watch, thinking fast. Might as well make this final. It was the way to lay stubborn dreams by the heels forever. "You'll find it pretty dull waiting around town. How about a quick dash out to the ranch? I've got the limousine."

"Do you have time? In this big, busy country?"

"Sure," he said, "haying starts Monday."

She was learning fast: she didn't even pretend to hide her astonishment at the jalopy, which had no top and but one rear fender. "My word, Bill! Does it flap its wings?"

"She soars," he told her. "She leaps from crag to crag. I call her Genevieve. . . . All aboard, lady."

Before leaving town he swung by the station and sent a wire to Spike Henley.

WHAT'S THIS CAROL HOLLOWAY DEAL? IS IT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY? WIRE SO WE CAN ALL LAUGH TOGETHER.

Then they headed west into the shimmering desert. He halted on a high lookout known to early freighters as Suicide Point, shut off the motor and let the silence of the peaks settle about them. Heat waves shimmered in the immensity of the valley below them, but it was cooler here.

He looked at Carol. He saw that she'd enjoyed it. She had her arms up, tucking in her hair. "Why are we stopping, sir?"

"No use going any farther. We can see the ranch from here."

She gave him a quick glance. "What's this, Lieutenant—a mood?"

"It isn't Lieutenant Ebberts now," he said. "I tried to tell you, back in Washington, that I was as phoney as a lead nickel, but you wouldn't listen."

"You're wrong, Bill," she said. "I saw through your uniform back there. You didn't see through mine, I'm afraid." She giggled. "That's a figure of speech, of course."

He didn't smile. "Look down there, lady. You'll get it now."

They were high on the eastern rim of a great bowl. The opposite mesa, five miles distant, was splashed with alternate gold and purple in the afternoon sun. Centered below them, far below, was the immense Bar-T: the ranch buildings grouped in a grove like a sprawling village surrounded by acres of corrals and cutting-out pens. All around lay a vast checkerboard of alfalfa and grain, watered



"I never can get my icing to harden!"

by a meandering, tule-bordered creek. Extending to the sunlit gap to the south, and beyond, lay miles of grazing land dotted with red, ant-like cattle.

"For the benefit of tourists who are with us today," Bill said, "the beef-manufacturing establishment known as the Bar-T comprises some thirty sections of deeded ground, or about nineteen thousand acres. With the exception of a single quarter, known locally as the Silver Springs homestead, it includes this entire corner of the valley."

"It's immense," she said, soberly. "It's terrific. I had no idea, Bill. . . . Is that a swimming-pool shining through the trees? Those funny little buildings are your guest houses, perhaps?"

"That 'swimming pool,'" Bill said, "is the place where the cows drink. Those guest houses are where the cute little pigs live with their mammas. . . . To resume: a ranch takes hard work. Everybody works hard, including the owner. About twenty men are employed the year around. During haying time the crew is enlarged to about fifty."

"Including a cook?"

"A cook and two helpers," Bill said. "The cook is usually a local farmer's wife. The helpers may be her daughters."

"You've forgotten it for the moment," she said. "I'm a good cook, too."

"And here's a detail you'll appreciate," Bill went on.

"Don't, Bill," she said. "You've made your point. I admit it. I don't fit in here. Shall we go along?"

"I'm just coming to my point," Bill said. "Look, Carol—" he pointed to her right. "See that stone cabin down there—backed up into the canyon beside that group of poplars? That's the homestead I mentioned a minute ago: Silver Springs."

"It's cute. What's in that lovely green field?"

"Alfalfa," Bill said. "You cut it and the sun shines and makes it hay. . . . A simple-minded lad runs the homestead. This year



"You can have the lamp now, Pa—I'm going to bed"



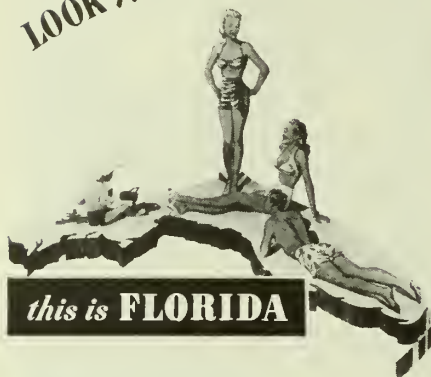
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he has one hundred and twenty acres of alfalfa. To help him cut and stack it he hires four men for two weeks."

"And a cook? No—he's married, of course. To one of these splendid farm girls."

"He isn't married," Bill said. "He met a girl once, in a big city, and fell for her. She'd never done a lick of work in her life. She was an ornament in the cocktail crowd, but how would she do on a hot day like this, over a wood stove?"

"I know the type you mean," she said. "A girl like me."

"Exactly. In fact," Bill said, "I mean you. That's my 'ranch' down there. Carol. No. not the Bar-T. Just Silver Springs. It's all I own. . . . Do you see now?"

SHE sat looking down at the homestead. Then she looked at him, a searching glance, and nodded.

"Very effective, sir. Yes, I see. What you just did—letting me think you owned that huge ranch—wasn't very flattering, Bill. But very revealing. Back in Washington I had the notion that we were rather attracted to each other. You know—just us, independent of the war and 'who' we were and all the rest of it. I even valued your opinion of me. Silly. wasn't it?"

"Proceed," he said. "Bear down. You'll be telling me next that you actually came out here to cook for the savages."

She shook her head.

"The episode's concluded, Bill. That last dance was fun, wasn't it?"

"This has been good, too," Bill said.

She nodded. "Now, shouldn't we go back to town?"

He stepped on the starter but had to back up before he could turn around. When they were headed east again he let the motor idle and turned to her.

"My cab was waiting that last night. I left you with Spike and went to the

airport. So I didn't have time, at the last—"

Her gesture halted him. "Does it matter, really?"

He turned back to the wheel. "Well, anyway," he said, his teeth flashing, "goodbye, Carol."

He stepped on the gas; and Genevieve, pointing downhill, was off like a wounded cougar.

The trip back was faster, dustier and hotter. When they pulled up at the station she was dabbing at her eyes. "Don't laugh at me," she said. "It must be—h-hay fever."

"It's the dust," he told her. "It'll be cool on the train. Sit here on the bench while I get your bags. Ticket to Chicago?"

"Never mind the ticket. I'll get it on the train."

Inside, Joe Staats handed him the telegram from Spike. Bill read it and his heart gave a great leap. He knew that he was grinning like an old fool as he went outside, out on the long, empty platform—empty except for the small figure sitting erectly on the bench. She didn't hear him coming because just then the flyer whistled.

He sat down beside her and she looked at him, blinking. He took out a neat, clean bandanna from his hip pocket. "This is my spare," he said. "It's a cow country handkerchief. Hold still, Carol."

He wiped the dust and perspiration from her forehead. He wiped her eyes and her cheeks. "Thank you, sir," she said, her long lashes closed. "You're very kind. Where are my bags?"

"In the station. There's plenty of time."

The flyer was coming fast. The rails had began to sing. He gave her chin a final pat, then kissed her on the lips—a long one.

"This isn't goodbye, Carol," he whispered. "It's 'hello, darling.' From the dumbest hay-farmer that ever knelt in





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Highball

Jigger Southern Comfort, ice, fill with sparkling water.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Manhattan

$\frac{3}{4}$ Southern Comfort, $\frac{1}{4}$ dry vermouth; add ice, stir, and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with red cherry.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Old Fashioned De Luxe

Jigger Southern Comfort, dash bitters, 2 cubes ice, dash syphon; serve in Old Fashioned glass; garnish with cherry, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. No sugar.

•
SERVED ON MANY OF THE
NATION'S FINEST TRAINS

the humble dust. At the feet of his lady."
 "That was sweet," she murmured. Then she roused suddenly and pushed him away. "And on the other hand, Lieutenant—"

"Look," He showed her the telegram. "I wired Spike before we left town, asking him how come. Why didn't you tell me, Carol?"

The flyer rolled up without slackening speed. Wheels clashed and warm eddies swirled about them. Car after streamlined car flashed by. Then it was gone, dwindling into the sunlit distance. They went on reading Spike's telegram, heads together. It said:

DON'T YOU EVER SEE A FINANCIAL PAGE OUT THERE? HOLLOWAY SYSTEM IN RECEIVERSHIP. CAROL'S ESTATE NIL.

GET OFF THAT HORSE AND GRAB HER, YOU NIT-WIT. SHE'S A GOOD COOK. YOU'LL LEARN TO LOVE HER.

HENLEY MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

"I'm off my horse," Bill said. "I've grabbed her. I've always loved her. . . . Forgive me, honey. I didn't dream you were broke. It breaks my heart."

"I know," she said. "But darn it, what difference *does* it make? Does it make me a better cook? Bill! The train didn't stop! It went right on past!"

"Yup," Bill said. "It only stops on signal. Why should it stop, honey? There's no passengers here. No city gals. . . ."

"No lonely cooks?"

"Nor lonely pilgrims," Bill said. "Just us home folks, watching the train go through."

THAT RAPIDO CROSSING

(Continued from page 15)

These were most of the odds against the American regiments already reduced heavily by the gruelling and deadly fighting since Salerno nearly five months before. It was the first battle baptism for 1,547 replacement troops added to the Division only a few days before.

Morale was low as the Americans moved toward the embarkation points. The men knew—and said—there would be heavy slaughter without hope of tactical gain. They cursed, prayed and hoped that the higher echelons would adopt some other method that would give them a thread of a chance to succeed. But as the dusk of H-Hour neared and blackened out their hopes for a stay of execution they tossed off their extra rations.

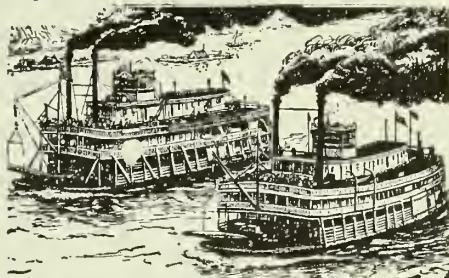
"We won't be needing these where we're going," they mumbled. Hardly anyone glanced at the young battalion commander standing at the edge of the foot bridge. He wept bitterly as he watched his

troops crawl and fall down the steep banks into boats swinging crazily in the treacherous current. When they disappeared into the darkness he heard their cries as shell fragments ripped and sank the rubber boats and their human cargoes. Others fell in the shell fire raking the foot bridge and casualties were mounting heavily even before the rifle companies, working feverishly all night to cross over, reached the first German emplacements.

Artillery had snapped the white tape that marked trails through the mine field on the east bank. Men, and boats they carried on their backs, were lost in the explosions they strayed into. One regiment lost all of its rubber craft.

Fifteen battalions of artillery had bombarded the Germans heavily but this softening-up process was not sufficient to give the foot soldiers a fighting chance to reach their objectives. Added to their hopelessness was the lack of anti-tank and

Steamboats on the Ohio in the 1890's. The riverboats that carried passengers, freight and the U. S. mail. Travelling mostly by river-boat and stagecoach, the two partners who established the Kaywoodie organization in 1851, made regular trips across the country in the 1870's, 80's and 90's to supply the demand for their pipes. A trip took them 8 months.



KAYWOODIE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

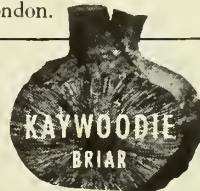
grew up with America

Super Grain
 "Full Bent"
 \$5

Winning new friends
 every year since 1851



Five generations of Americans have enjoyed smoking the pleasing procession of pipes which the originators of our business started to make in 1851. The Kaywoodie of 1946 is the latest of these pipes, made with the precise perfection of modern manufacturing technique and equipment. Take a Kaywoodie in your hand at your dealer's, feel the balance of it, see the graceful lines and the quality of its imported briar—for years of contentment. \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York, London.



"No sir, I didn't re-up—but I gott'a wear sumpin' while my civvie suit's getting cleaned and pressed—"

Does **LOTS MORE** than keep hair handsome looking!

*HAIR NEVER LOOKS COMBED
COAT COLLAR LITTERED WITH DANDRUFF
ANNOYED BY ITCHING OF DRY SCALP*

Is your hair dry, unruly, hard to handle? Then use Kreml Hair Tonic! Kreml makes hair a *pleasure* to comb. It not only keeps it neat as a pin—it also removes dandruff flakes, relieves itching of dry scalp—leaves scalp feeling so clean—alive—fresh as a daisy.



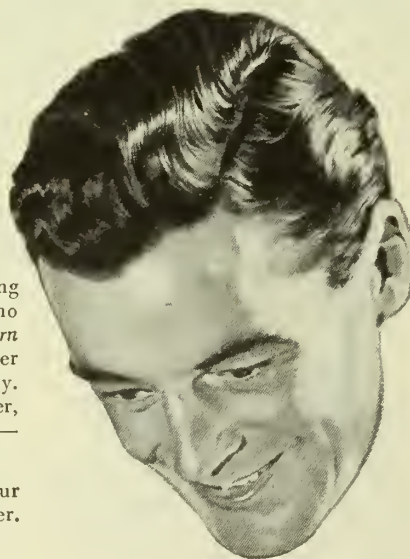
*LOOKS LIKE A CHEAP GIGOLO
WITH HAIR GLUED DOWN SO UGLY-*



*A REAL 'GO-GETTER'
AND 'GAL-GETTER' WITH
KREML GROOMED HAIR*

A survey shows Kreml is preferred among America's top-flight executives. And no wonder! Kreml goes in for more *modern* "natural looking" hair grooming. It never cakes hair down. Never feels sticky or gummy. Kreml leaves the hair feeling so much softer, more pliable. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for better-groomed hair!

Ask for a Kreml application at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter.



KREML Hair Tonic

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**Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes**



self-propelled gun support across the Rapido. Bridges strong enough to support these weapons could not be erected in the concentrations of fire.

The high command had alerted armored units to follow closely on the heels of the infantry, to join up with the Anzio forces and on the tails of the fleeing Germans to strike out for Rome, the taking of which would rock the Axis and neutral worlds. But deep mud that was as much a part of the Italian campaign as C-rations, stalled these giants. Thus the infantry was left alone to do the impossible.

Sergeant Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who won the Congressional Medal of Honor at Altavilla, crawled and fought with remnants of his squad to within twenty yards of the bunkers.

"We could hear the Jerries talking but we couldn't see them," the slight-of-build hero recounted. "But they didn't need to see us. They knew just where we were."

Eighteen hours later Kelly wriggled his way back to the Rapido and crossed over on a shell-battered foot bridge that had sunk waist deep in icy water.

"I felt so safe then that I just stood up and walked by the guys in their holes, just like back in the States," he grinned.

The wounded, and other survivors who could retreat from their untenable positions, struggled back to the east bank. By the dozens they drowned while trying to swim in the torturous current.

BY NOON that day the bridgehead was lost. Fifth Army's II Corps Commander Lt. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes, ordered a second attack, with the jump off in daylight. General Walker sought time to obtain serviceable boats and to reorganize his shattered troops. He was successful in securing a respite of several hours. This time the river was screened with smoke.

The crippled battalions crossed over and were quickly pinned down by German fire that rapidly increased in thickness. Men feverishly fought machine guns with hand and rifle grenades. The toll among the invaders was appalling. Veteran officers and men died like flies fighting spiders, hundreds were captured and many more dragged their butchered bodies into water-filled holes to await death.

Men carrying ammunition on their backs attempted to reach their buddies in the hail of shells. Many units ran low on bullets and some discovered their supplies depleted completely. Orders came down to the men that they were not to withdraw but to continue to fire.

On the afternoon of January 22 the Germans threw a series of counter-attacks at the Americans. These were repulsed at a terrifically heavy cost. Then the Germans drew back and ordered their artillery loads dumped on the positions their counterattacks had defined.

Meanwhile, at command posts of the

141st and 143rd Regiments, the only reports of conditions on the west bank were from stragglers and the wounded who made their way back. The distinguishable small arms fire of the American weapons, fire that diminished as the hours dragged on, told the story of the losing battle more

Takes Rapido Responsibility

A UP dispatch from Washington dated August 7, 1946 quoted British Field Marshal Henry Maitland Wilson, one-time Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, as saying that he took full responsibility for ordering U.S. troops to attempt the crossing of the Rapido river in 1944.

graphically. By midnight even these story tellers were silent.

Private Savino Manella, medical aid man captured in the first night's battle, was sent back with a note from the German commander requesting a truce so that the wounded could be evacuated. The informality of the note and other reasoning caused the Americans to suspect a ruse and the request was refused. But three days later the first such truce of the war brought a cessation of fire along the sector. Medical aid men carrying Red Cross flags crossed over the river and, working side by side with the Germans, evacuated one wounded comrade and fifty dead before the truce ended five hours later.

THIS, related scantily for brevity's sake. is the story of the Rapido River slaughter that will always be cancerous in the hearts of those familiar with the facts. But the story would not be complete without the unofficial, irony-packed report of Captain Thomas H. Lunday, of Mexia, Texas, regimental intelligence officer, who, as the fighting raged, summarized the German capabilities:

"The Germans can hold and occupy their present positions, or they can withdraw, or they can occupy our positions."



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There is no substitute for *experience*. So ask any fisherman you know, "What make of outboard motor should I buy?"

The chances are two to one he will tell you, "Buy a Johnson Sea-Horse." He knows from experience that the biggest thing in outboard motors is **DEPENDability.**

Write for the new Sea-Horse Handy Chart. Free!



JOHNSON MOTORS
1300 PERSHING RD., WAUKEGAN, ILL.

FREE EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 18)

to the only truly radical-revolutionary movement in this country. Will you join?"

"Certainly," I say.

He whips out a membership card and starts filling it in. "I must ask you a few questions before I accept your dime. What is your name?"

"Molyneux Prantsfr."

He fills in my name. "Molyneux," he says, "welcome to the ranks of the 4½ International, the only really radical organization in the world. Do you know that Joseph Stalin is secretly a member of the Republican Party of Kansas, and has pledged to deliver the Russian vote to Herbert Hoover in 1948? Every International but ours has betrayed socialism. You're lucky I found you. Come to the meeting tonight. The entire international membership will be there. Right now we all live in this town, but we will grow."

"Tell me," I say, still thinking about the wild times, "do you believe in the equality of the sexes?"

"We not only think they're equal," he says, "we believe they are superior! When we are in power, there will be no difference between men and women."

Well, I think this is going a little far, but I decide to attend the meeting. Before going I slick up a bit and rub oil on my hair. This meeting, I think, some things will happen, and there is no use going like a slob. I walk out in high spirits. "Down with capitalist morals," I say to myself. "The new order is here."

I am early, so I look around. There are pictures on the walls. A man with a beard—Marx. Another man with a beard—Engels. A third man with a beard—I examine it and find it is no one special, but the beard hides nicely a hole in the wall. There are no pictures of girls. Not even on the calendar.

"They're smart," I think. "They know how to keep things quiet. Good, comrades, good. Quiet is the word."

I am glad I joined. Only a dime. Cheap enough, considering, eh? Haha.

If I say there are no women at this meeting I am a liar. There are three women. One is an old grandmother, another is in middle age and wears glasses, and only the third is rather young and attractive in a physical sort of way. I see to it that I get the chair next to the young one. No one tries to get in my way. "Real comrades," I think. "Real comrades."

We sit on hard straight chairs, and the meeting begins. It drags on and on. Reports, speeches, more reports, more speeches, collections and more speeches and reports. It is very hot. The girl fidgets and wrinkles her nose. "Comrade Chairman," she says, "Something stinks in here. Perfume, or some similar bourgeois smell."

The old woman jumps up. "I disagree.



WANTED! A MAN WITH A WINCHESTER

In hunting, everything happens at once. For hours, you find only peace and quite. Suddenly . . . boulders crash, savage snarls . . . you're face-to-face with fury.



IT'S
WEATHERPROOFED

But with a Winchester Model 70 Bolt Action Repeating Rifle, you're ready for anything. Its ease of handling and accuracy are invaluable under difficult big game hunting conditions.

One of the great sporting rifles of all times the Model 70 has perfect "balance" and its Winchester speed lock insures quick action. Available in 10 calibers. Equipped with open or aperture receiver sights as you prefer.

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FOR THE CARTRIDGE
Choose the Winchester Super Speed with Silver-tip bullet. Controlled expansion delays the full force of this bullet's smashing blow until proper penetration is reached. Calibers from 22 Hornet to 375 H & H Magnum. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



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NEW PAY SCALE

IN ADDITION TO CLOTHING, FOOD, LODGING, MEDICAL AND DENTAL CARE,
AND LIBERAL RETIREMENT PRIVILEGES

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	Monthly Retirement Income After:	
		20 Years' Service	30 Years' Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	\$165.00	\$107.25	\$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant . .	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

IN ADDITION TO COLUMN ONE OF THE ABOVE:

20% Increase for Service Overseas.

50% Increase if Member of Flying or Glider Crews.

5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service.

Highlights of Regular Army Enlistment

1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men now in the Army with 6 or more months of service.)

2. Enlistment age from 18 to 34 years inclusive (17 with parents' consent) except for men now in Army, who may reenlist at any age, and former service men depending on length of service.

3. A reenlistment bonus of \$50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service, provided reenlistment is within 90 days after last honorable discharge.

4. Up to 90 days' reenlistment furlough with pay, depending on length of service, with prescribed travel allowance paid to home and return, for men now in the Army who reenlist within 20 days.

5. Consult Army Recruiting Officers for other furlough privileges.

6. Mustering-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to enlist or reenlist.

7. Option to retire at half pay for life after 20 years' service—increasing to three-quarters pay after 30 years' service. (Retirement income in grade of Master or First Sergeant up to \$185.63 per month

for life.) All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.

8. Benefits under the GI Bill of Rights assured for men who enlist on or before October 5, 1946.

9. Choice of branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open) on 3-year enlistments.

Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," Mark Warnow's Army Show, "Sound Off," and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO**

ENLIST NOW

AT THEIR NEAREST

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING STATION

**A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!**

The use of cosmetics is definitely a sign of Stalinist infiltration into our ranks."

"I think you are wrong," says someone else. "Professor Schmooley points out that it is a leftist tendency to combat the wearing of jewelry, which is a sign of the barbaric desire for personal adornment."

"The money spent on cosmetics in the United States each year would provide enough funds to overthrow three major and seven minor governments," another one says learnedly.

After an hour the meeting goes on as usual. My back aches from the uncomfortable chair, and my head from the foul air, blue with smoke. "If this keeps on," I think, "I'll be all worn out by the time the fun starts."

The last piece of business is more questions for me to answer. The chairman says, "What is your position on capitalist enslavement?"

"Off with the shackles," I say, looking at the youngish girl. "Everything free and equal." She smiles at me.

After a few such questions it is all over. People say goodnight and leave. Perhaps, I think, the party is being held in some other place. Some comfortable den with cushions on the chairs, and couches. If so, this young woman will go. "It won't be long," think I, "until she loses this cold attitude and gets real comradely. Be doing a dance with several red flags, or something."

She comes up to me as I am standing in the doorway. "What are you doing for the rest of the night, comrade?" she asks.

I straighten my tie. "Nothing at all."

"Fine" she says. "Here is a list of things that we need someone to do. Between now and six o'clock tomorrow morning, you will pass out these thousand leaflets, and picket eight consulates, three streets in the Bronx, the Staten Island ferry and four subway stations—two uptown and two downtown." And before I can say a word she gives me leaflets and signs to carry.

But I don't give up. After all, I figure, I'm a new member. They have to make sure they can trust me.

A couple days later this girl sees me in the office. She smiles. "Would you like to do something Saturday night?" she asks.

My eyes gleam. "Anything you say," I say, and I wink.

"We're having a big party for the young people," she says. "You'll have fun."

Saturday night I dress up more than usual. I leave off the hair oil, but I use a quantity of bay rum here and there. It is among the youth that the wild things were said to happen.

And the party? We sit around on long wooden benches. The air is blue with smoke. And there are speeches.

Then the youth appear. I am all for youth, but not so youthful. They are little children about six years old who sing a

few songs about riots, funerals and starvation, following which we are served egg sandwiches and tea at twenty-five cents a serving for the benefit of the Federation of Amalgamated Committees To Start Immediate Revolutions In All Countries In Alphabetical Order. Then I sign a petition and pay ten cents to help carry on the fight to have a comrade appointed Chief of Staff of the UN military force.

This time again some female smells my bay rum and complains. "Comrade Chairman," she says, sniffing in my direction. "I smell alcohol. Some comrade here is evidently unenlightened, and I would like to say a few words about workers who seek an escape from capitalist exploitation by turning to drink." And she speaks and speaks till I am bored from within.

Finally we are called to order by the chairman who smiles at us all. He says. "Comrades, we now come to the high spot of the evening, the moment I know we have all been waiting for."

I wonder. Is it a floor show? A strip tease with social significance?

He continues, "Tonight we are going out in teams of two to distribute leaflets. The team that distributes the most will be given a special prize. A one-year subscription to our magazine 'Lean.'"

I make a last attempt. I manage to team up with this girl. We go along the street and put a leaflet on every porch. At last we pause under a tree for a rest. The moon is out, and it is a perfect night for romance. I put down my leaflets and try to take her in my arms.

She pushes me away. "Comrade," she says. "How can you think of such things when half our leaflets have yet to be distributed? Where is your devotion to the revolutionary cause? This is infantile romanticism. Things like that must be discussed in their proper place on the agenda."

We finish giving out our leaflets, and she turns to me. "You are doing fine," she says. "And now, if you will come with me to my apartment, I have a grand surprise for you." And she smiles in a very friendly way.

Aha, I think. This is more in my department. A place of her own, no less.

We walk to an apartment building and go up the elevator. At her door she takes out her key and shows me inside. "Come in to the bedroom," she says. "I'll give you the honor of being the first one to try it out."

I run after her. She turns on the light and points proudly. "There," she says. "A new mimeograph machine. Would you like to run off a few thousand leaflets?"

I start turning. What can one do? While I am working, a big fellow walks in. He beams at me. She introduces him. Her husband, it turns out. He is a longshoreman.

I leave late at night. "Husbands," I say to myself. "Such international-capitalist-fascist trash." Frankly, I am disappointed in this revolutionary group. I'm through. I quit.

A few weeks later the fellow who signed me up sees me in the library. "Why haven't you been around, lately, comrade?" he asks. "That girl you distributed leaflets with, she asks about you." And he winks.

I say nothing. I am through with radicalism for once and for all. As the fellow says, "You can't fool a man twice in the same place." And why should I want to tear down a country that has free magazines in the library? Recently I've been seeing some very interesting magazines about artists and models. Art, that's what makes life beautiful. Maybe I'll look in on some studio. And after all, how much can a brush and a little paint cost? Considering, eh? Haha.

DON'T GO OVERBOARD IN BUYING THAT HOUSE

(Continued from page 32)

now—to the tune of 300 billion dollars—and he will be extremely fortunate if he gets out of his own tight spot! If he doesn't it will be just too bad for all of us.

I know it is tough to live in one or two rooms, a trailer, a Quonset hut or a shack. It's tough to live with in-laws, sister or brother. Still it might be a lot tougher not to be able to meet all the payments and lose all that you had put into the place. Remember that the house you buy now or build will very likely depreciate in dollar value considerably within a year or two. If a house is soundly financed and your income is comparable to the investment, you won't have to worry much about depreciation. But if you are forced to get your equity out, depreciation will wipe it out.

Furthermore don't be fooled into believing that your troubles are solved by a ceiling price on veterans' houses. No one, government included, can enforce a ceiling

price on anything that is not consistent with costs, plus a legitimate profit. Observe OPA and the black market! Yes, if your house is financed through FHA there will be government inspection, but government inspection or any other inspection does not eliminate the human element. You just can't make dry lumber out of green lumber by waving a wand, or produce skilled labor by the same stroke; neither can a contractor build you a house below existing costs—a good house! If you talk him into coming down in price below today's costs he'll be forced to come down in value just that much, for he faces the same inflation in labor and materials that you do in the finished product.

If conditions are such that you absolutely have to have a house, or run the risk of wrecking your marriage—by all means get a house if possible. Otherwise, take it easy. Don't go overboard in buying that house!

Howdy, Buddy, I'M JOHNNY HOMELAND



I want to tell you about
HOMELAND made-to-measure CLOTHES...

Who wears 'em? More than a million well dressed Americans have worn Homeland made-to-measure clothes—men in all walks of life; all parts of the country; business men, bankers, governors of States, Congressmen, Senators, high ranking Army and Navy officers—men who appreciate fine clothes and understand good values.

Who makes 'em? Homeland Tailors, Inc. of Baltimore have been in business more than 20 years making fine made-to-measure clothes sold direct to the consumer through men like me. They guarantee satisfaction and they live up to that guarantee.

Who sells 'em? Men like you who have what it takes to go into business for themselves—men who work when and where they please, full time or part time—men whose earnings depend entirely on their own efforts.

While no sample lines are available now, when production permits, we want to give ex-servicemen first chance. Write now for details.

Homeland TAILORS, INC.

Call at one of our branch offices

26 Park Place, New York
5 S. 18th St., Philadelphia
930 F. St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
212 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh
Andrews Building, Court & Pearl Sts.,
Buffalo, N.Y.
Empire Bldg., Washington Blvd. & Clifford St.
Detroit, Mich.
OR WRITE
2500 to 2512 Ashland Ave.
BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND

(Continued from page 25)

in port, which is really a stevedore's job.

A mere decade ago, when I was a seafarer, seamen were jammed sometimes 30 to 40 in a narrow, steamy "gloryhole" in the prow of a ship, had matchbox-sized locker space, slept on lumpy mattresses between iron rails, had insignificant shower and bath space and food that would hardly appeal to a starving European.

Today, living quarters are spacious and sanitary, the average room accommodating only four men, with wooden bunks and large drawer-chests. Plans for new vessels and converted transports provide for 25 percent more sleeping space for each crew member than they allow for paying guests.

Former paymasters, clerks, yeomen and P-X operators may find the purser's office on ship-board a good entree. A new rating—purser-pharmacist mate—was created during the war for cargo vessels and it is very likely that every freighter and tanker will carry this position in peacetime. On large passenger ships as many as a dozen are carried in the purser's department, with pay ranging from \$170 a month to over \$500, with possible commissions.

Unfortunately, the supply of jobs in the purser's department is usually much lower than the demand. In normal times, the purser's offices were filled in summertime by college boys, friends or relatives of executives. The regulars were often graduates from these super-cargoes or part-time pursers, or were recommended by officials. This practice is being discouraged in the new set-up.

The largest pool of jobs is in the Stewards' Department, which is also the most shunned. Americans hate servile work, it seems. In that regard they are a little shortsighted. Americans of average education and upbringing, even college graduates, take jobs as store clerks, soda jerkers, bartenders, sandhogs and garage mechanics but they turn away from comparatively clean jobs of waiting on tables and keeping staterooms in order.

The pay scale for Stewards starts at \$150 for messboys and works up to \$450 or more for Chief Stewards on large liners.

Freighters pay \$180 to \$195 for cooks and bakers, and \$210 for Chief Stewards. Army or Navy cooks are naturals for these jobs, which carry overtime at \$1.00 an hour for work over 48 hours a week at sea. It is usually necessary to work 63 hours a week in the Stewards Department, so the overtime may run up to \$60 a month additional.

Passenger liners carry complements of from 50 to 400 in the Stewards' Department. There is a long line of well-paying jobs: storekeepers, bartenders, food con-

trollers and executive positions. Opportunities for making extra money abound. In my first job at sea I averaged \$50 a week as a bellhop, although my base pay was only \$30 a month. Waiters on good runs and first-class ships may average close to \$100 a week. Room stewards do even better. Smokeroom and deck stewards earn princely incomes, from side money conducting sweepstakes and tending to the needs of passengers on topside.

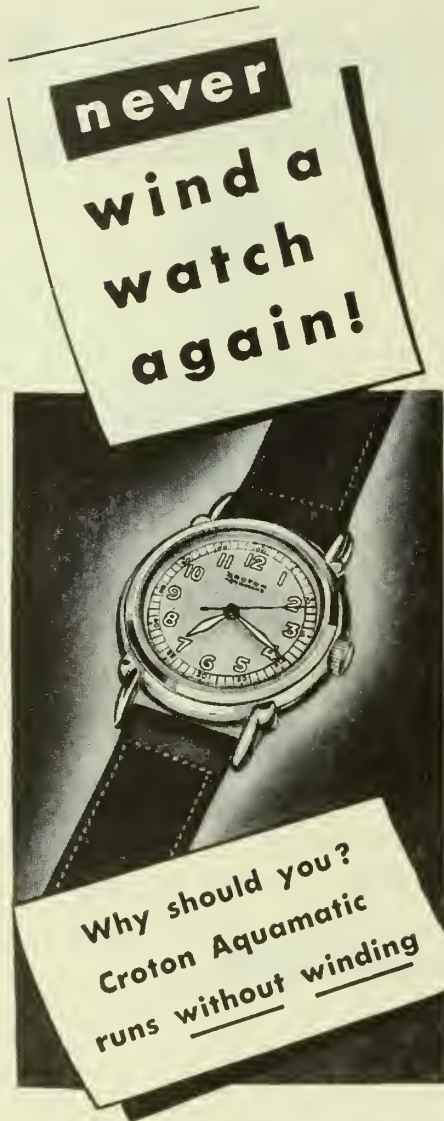
There is as wide a range of kitchen jobs on ships as in any hotel or restaurant, paying in the \$200-400 brackets for most of the leading ratings. Unfortunately, foreign-born culinary experts have a strong edge over Americans here because of the seriousness with which they ply their trade. They apprentice in Continental hostleries and spend considerable time in each position before being rated as expert cooks. The war stopped the training of European Escoffiers, so this is a good chance for Americans to take over the pots and skillets on seagoing

kitchens, or galleys as they're called.

Former women members of the services have limited opportunities for floating jobs, too.

The Grace line always employed skirted seamen-hostesses, waitresses and dietitians. The company has recently announced restoration of its South American freight-and-passenger service, and it plans to return to the policy of hiring women. Passenger ships must also carry stewardesses and nurses and some of the luxury ships use telephone operators, beauticians and novelty shop salesclerks.

Luxury liners also carry an athletic



Unbelievable as it sounds, you need never again wind a watch—if you wear the Croton Aquamatic. It actually winds itself—just by the wrist's natural motions. Your easy ordinary motions store up winding energy for future release—keeps your watch wound right and running true! Never again need your watch stop (or slow down) because you forgot to wind it.

It's CERTIFIED Waterproof!

As its name implies, the Aquomatic loves water! Wear it while washing, swimming, bathing in hot, cold, salt or fresh water. It's completely waterproof—and certified by the U. S. Testing Co., Inc. Besides, this 17-jewel beauty is dustproof, doesn't tarnish, and the glass crystal can't break. Equipped with sweep-second hand, radium, diol and shock-resistant construction. It's the gift of gifts! Only \$49.50—plus taxes.

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WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC

Tie on your bonnet...it's the World's Series!



1869 Invented in America, baseball has advanced from country pastures to the glamor spots of the nation. The game first began to attract attention when a professional team went on an extended tour in 1869—Corby's 11th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1903 First World's Series drew 100,429 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly caused a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.



1945 Baseball's classic hit a high last year, Corby's 87th as a famed Canadian name, when 333,457 people saw seven World's Series games. But the 1905 hurling record of three shutout games by one pitcher in a five-game Series has yet to be broken.



1946 A sellout is expected for the 43rd World's Series. Individual batting records—ten hits in four games or four home runs in four games (1928 Series)—may be broken. So grab your bonnet or your hat—or line up your radio—for this blue-ribbon spectacle. And when evening comes, line up Corby's in your favorite drink. This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a gala affair in itself.



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director, cruise directors, valet, tailor, photographer, barbers and orchestras, which fact enlarges the range of opportunities for men.

This is not the time, however, to rush down to the nearest shipping company office expecting to sign on a ship unless you fit in the critical category described in the opening. The job market for un-critical ratings will open gradually within the next year. There are presently some 150,000 seamen at sea, with a floating reserve of 50,000. The building program of the U. S. Maritime Commission envisions a merchant fleet of 25 million tons and upward. Their goal is at least 50 percent of ocean-going commerce to be on American bottoms. At the peak expected within five years, an additional 50,000 jobs should be required, and new openings will always occur as restless souls drop out.

Ocean-going transport is not the only source of floating jobs. Most of the jobs mentioned here are also found on river and lake steamers, with differences in pay, of course.

To get a job at sea, check first with the employment offices of steamship companies, who may not be able to hire you direct but may refer you to the right union. Practically every job except pursers

and concessionaires and certain stewards ratings are covered by unions.

Contractual agreements stipulate that operators call the unions first to fill vacancies. In cases where the unions cannot supply the manpower, operators or unions then contact the RMO of the WSA for assistance.

This is the opportunity to Americanize the Merchant Marine by manning its ships from stem to stern with native-born or naturalized citizens.

If enough Americans would overcome their prejudices against servile work and man the ships, they would not only find good livelihoods, a healthy and exciting life, but they will help build our Merchant Marine into the best afloat.

Before the war, there was a limit of 10 percent of a cargo allowed to be aliens, because even then it was impossible to attain 100 percent American membership. During the war and now, this limit is waived to cover emergencies. Many Yankee transports would not have sailed during the conflict but for the competent help of English, Canadian, South American and Norwegian officers and seamen.

Now, the goal is 100 percent American-manned ships. This should be easy—but it isn't. It's up to America's potential mariners.

WRESTLING STUMBLES ON

(Continued from page 21)

flannels that stretched to the danger point at each deep breath. As he passed under the ropes his stomach grazed the canvas. The Blimp is only an inch over six feet tall, so you can see that at 640 lbs. his summit is reached via a long, gradual slope.

His opponent, Danno O'Mahoney, is a fiend for humor. Not content with wrestling The Blimp that night he had spent the afternoon over in Manhattan taking in a Danny Kaye show.

At the bell the Blimp and Danno waddled to mid-ring and shook hands. The first hold was the Bear Hug. The Blimp simply wrapped his hairy arms around Danno's torso and squeezed him like a long-lost cousin. Danno squirmed, hollered bloody murder, slipped out of the embrace and gathered himself up on the ropes. Using the top rope as a bow and himself as an arrow, he hurled his meager 230 lbs. at his adversary. The Blimp's tremulous equator surged tidally and he fell so far through the ropes that only 300 lbs. of him remained in the ring.

The audience drew back at the sight of an avalanche of raw meat. Women shrieked as the monster wavered precariously on the ropes before regaining his balance. The Blimp, who sports a beard, tried to look tough. He chased O'Mahoney around the ring and finally tripped him up in a corner. Danno fell flat on his backside and The Blimp fell flat on O'Mahoney's stom-

ach. Beneath the mountain of red flannel tights the only visible things were Danno's wriggling feet. The referee counted Danno out and with the aid of another man managed to push The Blimp off his prostrate partner—oops, victim.

Having taken in a fair sample of a preliminary we went backstage to investigate the impending championship bout, to come later in the evening. Frank Sex-



"Two strikes and one ball!"



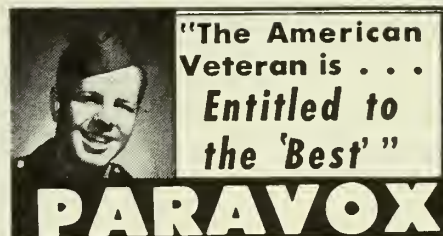
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ton, the "world's champion," was talking with an elderly chap whom we recognized as a booking agent and an influence in the game. The agent spoke with authority and demonstrated holds to the broad-shouldered Sexton. The champ kept nodding his head like a schoolboy. We interrupted.

"What do you want?" the elderly man snapped. We told him we were trying to gather some dope on wrestling. He objected to the word dope. "I don't want any snoopy reporters around. The newsmen write too many lies about us," he said.

"Who are you?" we asked innocently.

"Never mind who I am. I'm nothing." He motioned the champ to leave us alone.

"I'd like to ask the champ a few questions."

"I answer all the questions around here. You're not from a newspaper?" We told him we weren't and his voice became friendlier, but still suspicious.

"What would you like to know?"

"What became of Londres, Ray Steele, McMillen, Steinke, Kalmikoff, Strangler Lewis?"

"What became of them? Strangler Lewis is 56 and still wrestling. Londres is a millionaire, he's married. Has children and a ranch in California. As for the others," he shrugged his shoulders, "let's talk about the new champion, Frank Sexton."

He told us Sexton is six feet two and 235 lbs. "All muscle, a real champion. For the first time in years we have an undisputed champion."

"What was his occupation?" we asked.

"Sexton's a college man."

"What college?"

"Never mind what college."

"Was he in the war?" we asked.

"Sexton was a college man," he repeated doggedly.

"Then he wasn't in the war?"

The agent said, "Many wrestlers distinguished themselves in the war. The Commandos used professional wrestling tactics in their training. Many wrestlers were Army instructors and they did a fine job."

THIS was evasive, but true. The American Legion's own Frank Leavitt, now over 55, served in both wars. In the recent one he was a tech sergeant in an artillery division stationed in Europe, where he was an athletic instructor. Leavitt better known as Man Mountain Dean, is today not only a man-mountain, but comes close to being the dean of active pro-wrestlers. He is out of the Army, back in wrestling in the South, and has added a hundred pounds to his pre-war 300.

We returned to our seat, to rely on our eyes for accurate information. The preliminaries were over and soon Sexton appeared in the ring. He was big, powerful, muscular, but a Sinatra compared to

the Blimps, Angels and in-betweens. His opponent was short, bull-necked and soft-muscled.

Sexton wrestled cleanly in this match, with no punching, pushing or elbowing. The crowd was impressed but quiet, and finally got bored as the men unraveled one hold after another without humor. But right before the finish Sexton took a beating, and the fans perked up and shouted for blood, or screamed, "Watch out, Frank!" Then Sexton picked his man up by the ankles, gave him a Londres airplane spin, and neatly pinned him.

IT might be good for the sport to have a clean-limbed, industrious champion, but Sexton lacks the crowd-appeal of Londres, or even The Blimp. There was something special about the old champion, Londres. He had that aura of invincibility that every great champion has known. The Gorgeous Greek made the audience see it and feel it in every rippling muscle of his bronzed body. Other greats of the past had better-planned performances than the moderns. Back in the early twenties Gus Sonnenberg, one-time Dartmouth lineman, revolutionized the wrestling game by introducing the flying tackle, and Joe Savoldi developed it to perfection.

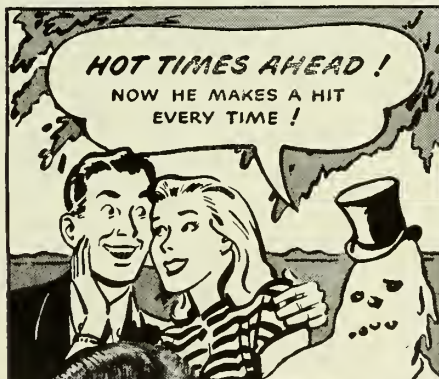
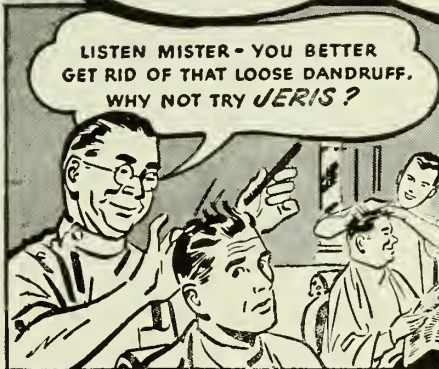
Dramatically speaking, Fred Grubmeier, the scissors king, was an early-day natural. Towering six and a half feet from the mat, the emaciated Grubmeier resembled a walking stepladder. When he was introduced to a bull-chested opponent with coconut biceps a wave of sympathy went from the crowd to the slender Grubmeier. But he would flex his long flanks and smile with reassuring confidence at the python power of his legs.

The start of the match would see Grubmeier taking a fearful beating from his opponent. But suddenly he would whip out with his secret weapons, his long legs, wrap them around his adversary and bring him crashing to the mat, where the behemoth opponent would squirm, bite, pinch, shake his fist, cry, "Mamma!" and finally come to a quivering rest in the deadly grasp of the scissors king. This was fine for wrestling, not only because of the victory of the thin man, but because it gave the opponent such excellent opportunity for dramatic expression.

Then there was big Hans Steinke, the horrendous one-man guillotine. As Hans staggered around the ring, or slipped "treacherously" behind a "dazed" opponent, the crowd would yell, "Look out! Watch it!" to Steinke's victim. Alas, too late! The German Oak would apply his deathgrip headlock and tighten the human noose until the headlock became a stranglehold. When the referee stepped in to argue with Steinke about the illegal strangle, the victim slipped away and the crowd cheered the miraculous escape. As Steinke turned in fury upon the referee the opponent leaped on Steinke's back, and as the



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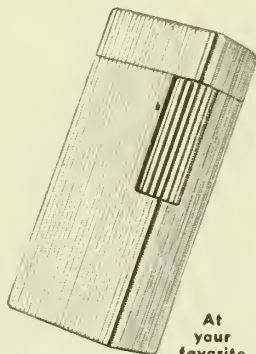


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Oak rushed to the ropes to hurl him into the audience the piggy-backer would tangle Steinke's neck in the ropes. This was poetic justice—the strangler strangled, the bully punished, a typical Steinke match.

PRE-WAR wrestling as theatrics reached near perfection the night "Count" Von Zuppe tangled with "Sir" Wendell Odell. Von Zuppe played the thick-necked German count complete with a shaved, bullet-shaped head, scowl, monocle, and nasty waxed mustache. He strutted around the ring as the crowd booed each gesture.

"Sir" Wendell Odell was "a British nobleman and gentleman." He bowed graciously to the crowd. Von Zuppe shed his satin robe, revealing a bright red "iron cross" sewn inside. The war was several years away, but the crowd hissed at this smell of too much kraut. At the bell Von Zuppe wrestled with true villainy, while "Sir" Odell refused to break the rules of fair play. The fiendish German count employed elbows, teeth, thumbs, curses and tripping. "Staggering" from this brutal onslaught, his lordship found his patience so sorely tried that he suddenly let the arch-fiend have a well-timed resounding punch on the jaw. It was the typical "wrestling punch" made with the palm, noisier and less harmful than the fist. The crowd was electrified and urged the cultured gentleman to forgo all rules, and there Von Zuppe and Odell stood, slugging it out with ersatz punches and flying tackles. The crowd was clamoring for Von Zuppe's scalp at the bell. The decision, a draw. They met again for the same audience, and Odell won. Ending the first bout in a draw was like leaving the hero suspended from the bridge while the villain set the dynamite, in the old serials.

Post-war wrestling will have to get back in stride to match the early thespians of the mat. But even so, the audiences that scream, "Those guys oughtta be in the soykus!" are still buying tickets.



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REUNION IN NORWICH

(Continued from page 13)

They ran away and got married and when John's mother finally caught up with them their baby was on his way and haughty Mrs. Meredith Sr. just had to put up with the situation.

Of course the young people came home to live, and that is almost never a good thing. It certainly was not in this case. John must go on to college and train to follow in his father's profession and Mary Lou must stay at home, take care of the baby and get "cultured" according to the ideas of her mother-in-law.

Mary Lou was really a fine little person but too serious-minded for her own good and she was made to realize from the start that she had pretty well 'ruined' John's life. Since she loved him devotedly and unselfishly that was the last thing in the world she wanted to do.

Their marriage endured five years. Then the haughty mother-in-law arranged the divorce.

Mary Lou went out of John's life as swiftly as she had come into it. One day she kissed her little son, Johnny, goodbye, took the check her mother-in-law handed her and, dry eyed, walked out of her presence.

"It's a good thing you didn't see her, John," his mother said afterward. "Why she was glad to get rid of Johnny. Really glad. She didn't even shed a tear."

John's mother knew differently even as she said it. In time she came to regret the divorce she had urged, for John was a one woman man. He courted no other girl.

What John's mother did not even guess at the time was that when Mary Lou turned the corner from the magnificent home that had been her prison for more than five years she tore into shreds, without even looking at it, the check the older woman had given her, and set her tragic young face in a direction that would never bring her back to that place again.

Less than two weeks from that day, sitting in the office of a strange physician, Mary Lou heard a bit of personal news that gave her the most anguished moment she had ever known.

AND that was the reason why, back in the fall of 1926 Mary Lou took a job as housekeeper for an Iowa farmer whose wife had died a few years before, leaving a beautiful home that had never echoed to a childish voice. Henry Thompson was a kind-hearted, sympathetic man and that may have been one reason he married this girl who never really loved him. That, and to give her unborn child a name. Perhaps, too, he loved the gentle young woman with the sad and tragic eyes and wanted her in spite of the fact that her love belonged to another man. Henry Thompson lived more than a dozen years with the woman he loved and he was a kind and



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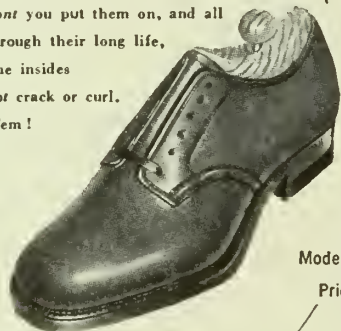


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loving father to her child, another boy. One by one the pieces of this jigsaw puzzle of life fit into a pattern so simple, so intrinsically right that it could almost be predicted.

One day First Lieutenant Johnny Meredith, based at an airport near Norwich, England, returned the snappy salute of a downy cheeked sergeant. "Sir, I'm your new tail gunner," the young lad said.

Lt. Meredith talked a few minutes with the youth and then turned away. There'd been a tail gunner—one of the best—and he hadn't returned from the eighteenth mission of the crew. This new youngster would be all right, of course, although no one could really take Barry's place.

However this kid, Henry Thompson (Hank), really began to measure up.

IT is amazing how, sometimes, real drama seems just to drop from a clear sky, so simply that it doesn't seem extraordinary at all—especially at the time.

Half a dozen of the crew of a B-24 sat together just outside a hut in the rare sunshine of a fall day in England, 1944.

They'd been reading mail, discussing home, having a good relaxing 'bull' session. Then Fitz, the navigator, spoke. "Say, you two," he indicated the pilot and the tail gunner, "maybe you're relatives. Ever think of that? You're the spitting image of each other. Why you even talk alike. You've lived all your lives less than a hundred miles apart. Maybe you had the same great grandmother. You look enough alike to have had the same mother."

"I got a picture of my mother in a letter today. Just a snapshot. It isn't much good," Hank, the tail gunner, said nonchalantly, playing up to Fitz' remark and handing a snapshot over to his pilot. "Does my mother look like your mother?"

Lt. Meredith took the picture into his



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hand. He looked at it a long, long while until the others stopped their chatting to watch him.

The silence was a pregnant, eerie thing. Then Meredith took a small billfold from his pocket. "This," he said, indicating a faded picture of two people, "is my mother. The man is my father. It is the only picture I have of my mother."

Fitz, who told me the story, said that the men, watching the two, scarcely breathed. The picture displayed was of a girl and a boy with a happiness on their faces that even an old, old print, faded and weathered, could not hide.

Finally Hank spoke—in a hushed, awed voice. "I have one like it," he said simply and he drew from his own pocket the counterpart of the picture the lieutenant had displayed.

Thus do great moments come into the lives of men.

There is more to this story.

JOHN and Hank drove sixty miles in a jeep that afternoon and came at last to attention in a field office, to salute a senior officer with iron gray hair who looked like an older brother to the two of them.

The colonel said, after the formalities, "At ease." And in a comradely way to the lieutenant, "What brings you here?" But the searching directness of his gaze as he studied the tail gunner's face was a thing to remember.

Wordlessly he gazed at the two faded photographs of the boy and the girl that the two young men showed him.

Then slowly, with a deep sigh as of a man who has come home at last, he drew from his pocket a third picture.

It was exactly like the other two!



"S'matter—stuck again?"

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PARTING SHOTS

Tepee Or Not Tepee

A bungalow cost Mr. Cooper ten grand,
He sold it weeks later for twenty.
A miserable, barren acre of land
Is going tomorrow for plenty.
A vet who managed to save up his dough
Is losing it all for a shack;
And some other guy with no place to go
Is sorry he ever came back.
Crowded hotels give few indications
That they can deliver the goods;
Even the Indians who have reservations
Are all sleeping out in the woods.

—ed graham jr.

Hitler's Intuition Revealed

THE first authentic information about the German secret weapon, Hitler's "Intuition," was given to the world today by Heinrich Rausvonhaus von und zu Schnitzel, former Nazi Field Marshal, who described a typical meeting of the German General Staff. The description follows, untranslated:

Der Fuehrer—Heil Hitler—vas ein wunderbar intuitioner und bin ge-cooken der fighten-schemen, mit der staffers gehelpen.

Ven der Fuehrer—Heil—bin ge-callen ein staffen-meeten ist bin ein grosser ratten-racen. Der staffers bin haben ein footen-shiften und necken-squirmen mit ge-standen poker-straighten.

Field Marshal Goering mit das fatten-stuffen bin out-gibben mit der Luft-waffle schemers. Der Fuehrer—Heil—iss snorten mit poopooen. Ist bin der samen mit der grounden-forcen und Navalschemeners. Der Fuehrer—Heil—bin out-tossen der strategers und ge-callen-on der intuitioner.

Mit gloomer-pussen and grosser-scowlen der Fuehrer—Heil—bin ge-pacen upper-downen. Der staffers bin hushen mit mouser-quieten.

Achtung! Der Fuehrer—Heil—iss haben das brainen-stormen! Der staffers bin up-snappen mit grosser heelen-clicken und outfilen. Der staffen-meeten iss ober und ge-finischen.

Mit der staffers ge-helpen der Fuehrer—Heil—bin ein geniuser mit der intuitioner.—By Dave Morrah.

(Look for further exclusive interviews with Rausvonhaus von und zu Schnitzel in subsequent issues on your Parting Shots page.)

Monkey Business

I hope that I will never see
Money growing on a tree;
For what a sure way that would be
To make a monkey out of me.

—A. A. Lattimer

Situation Normal

A month or so after V-E Day a three mile convoy moved into Metz. In charge was a second looey, a youth of nineteen who lived strictly by the book.

Searching blindly for the bivouac area he led his vehicles to and fro across the city until he lost his way. Finally he put his maps aside and told his driver: "Halt the first local yokel you see. I'll question him."

Bumper to bumper, the long convoy tore through the deserted, narrow, winding streets until the lieutenant's jeep pulled up beside a three-quarter-ton truck. The looey flagged it down.

"Hey, soldier!" yelled the lieutenant. "Can you give me some poop? Where are you going?"

"Where am I going?" was the reply. "Damfino. Just follerin' some jerk looey leadin' this convoy who's been tearin' up Metz the last two hours."

"The sad sack!" replied the looey. "He'd better get on the ball!"

—By Luther Bunyan Moore

Unfinished Bzzzness

A type for whom
I do not care
Swats a fly and
Leaves it there.

—Ron Broom



Hooray For Nothing

"IT'S BACK!" they shout. "IT'S HERE!" they roar, "After all the years you've waited! It's BIGGER, it's BETTER than ever before!" . . . So, tense, alert, elated, down to the marts of trade you toddle to stand, a-quiver and pale, in front of the wonderful Sample Model that isn't up for sale.—By P. Bracken

Atomic Security

I built my house upon a rock
Expecting it to stand.
Alas, for me: Catastrophe—
The rock was built on sand.

—Dave Morrah

Standing Operating Procedure

JUST before a regimental review on a particularly windy day, a lady Marine major diffidently approached the commanding officer of a Marine Air Base.

"Sir," she asked "when marching in a gale, does a lady hold her skirt or her hat?"

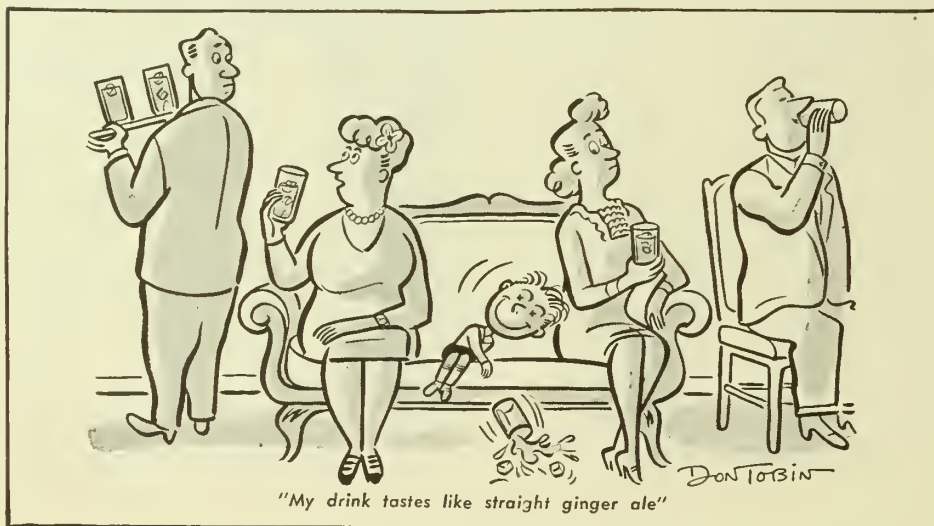
The C.O. pursed his lips and thoughtfully fingered his chin. After a moment he replied,

"Her hat. Her skirt is not likely to blow away."—By Lillian R. Fox

Eye-tention

Do not make love at the garden gate;
Love is blind—but the neighbors ain't.

—"Buster" Rothman



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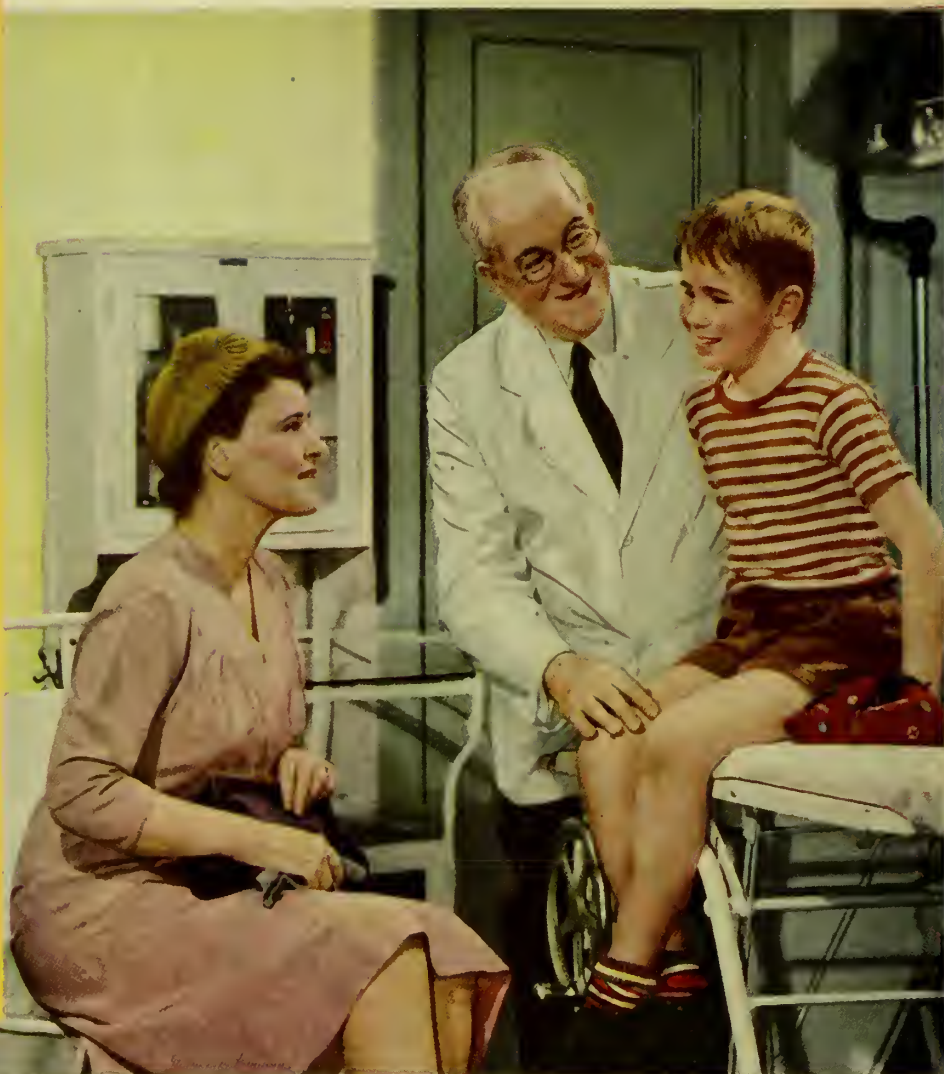
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Wise mother.

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